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What the Choir Sang About the New Bonnet.

A foolish little maiden bought a foolish little bonnet,
With a ribbon, and a feather, and a bit of lace upon it;
And that the other maidens of the little town might know it,
She thought she'd go to meeting the next Sunday just to show it.

But though the little bonnet was scarce larger than a dime,
The getting of it settled proved to be a work of time;
So when 'twas fairly tied all the bells had stopped their ringing,
And when she came to meeting, sure enough, the folks were singing.

So this foolish little maiden stood and waited at the door;
And she shook her ruffles out behind and smoothed them down before,
"Hallelujah! hallelujah!" sang the choir above her head,
"Hardly knew you! hardly knew you!" were the words she thought they said.

This made the little maiden feel so very, very cross,
That she gave her little mouth a twist, her little head a toss;
For she thought the very hymn they sang was all about her bonnet,
With the ribbon, and the feather, and the bit of lace upon it.

And she would not wait to listen to the sermon or the prayer,
But pattered down the silent street and hurried up the stair,
Till she reached her little bureau, and in a bandbox on it
Had hidden safe from critic's eye her foolish little bonnet.

Which proves, my little maidens, that each of you will find
In every Sabbath service but an echo of your mind;
And the silly little head that's filled with silly little airs
Will never get a blessing from sermon or from prayers.

EVA'S PERIL.

A large, plainly-furnished room, almost at the top of a fashionable hotel; high enough to keep the sound of children's voices, either raised in grief or joy, from the ears of the sensitive visitors then gathered in their handsome apartments below.

On a low rocking-chair, swaying lazily to and fro, sat a young, rosy-cheeked girl, devouring with eager eyes a close-printed novel, to which she was paying much more attention than to the little child lying on her lap.

At the other end of the room, two girls—the eldest not more than eight years of age, and the other but six—were playing with some once costly playthings.

Both were exceedingly pretty children, though shockingly neglected in appearance.

Soiled white pinafores, without buttons, barely hid their torn cambric dresses, and their pink toes had, unheeded, forced their way through the shoes encasing their feet.

Suddenly the handle of the door was sharply turned. Elisa, with a guilty start, threw her book into a distant corner, and began tossing her young charge in the air, failing, however, to win a smile or crow of delight from the astonished baby.

As the visitor entered the two little girls leapt quickly to their feet, running joyfully towards her.

"Mamma! mamma!" they cried, throwing themselves into her arms.

Mrs. Ruthyn, a pretty, though peevish looking woman, smiled faintly, drawing her dainty dress from their sticky fingers.

"Yes, yes children; but don't make quite so much noise. I feel quite giddy," she said feebly, sinking into a chair. "How is baby to-day, Elisa?" turning towards the nurse.

"Much better, madame—I might say well. See how pleased he appears at seeing you."

Again Mrs. Ruthyn smiled, and, bending forward, touched the child's soft cheek with her finger.

"Yes, he seems lively enough. I suppose you have been so busy attending to him, that is why Nettie and Eva are so untidy."

Elisa flushed, but answered quickly: "Yes, madame, it is impossible to leave him, he frets so."

"Quite right, Elisa; but for a few minutes this evening it will not hurt him to rest quietly on his bed. I want you to dress Miss Nettie and send her downstairs, there is to be a grand display of fireworks, and it will please the child for once to come down."

Nettie flushed, and throwing her arms around her mother, cried:

"Oh, mamma, I am so glad!"

"May I see the fireworks, too?" Eva asked.

"Not to-day, Eva—another time. I could not have the worry of two children, and Nettie is the eldest," Mrs. Ruthyn answered.

The child's lip quivered, and she turned away to hide the gathering tears.

When Mrs. Ruthyn left the nursery, Elisa laid the baby in its cot, where it rested in perfect tranquility. With many inward mutterings, she washed Nettie's dirty face and hands, brushed the sunny curls into something like order, then replaced her old dress by a pretty pale blue velvet, little satin shoes of the same shade covering her tiny feet.

Eva looked at her fortunate sister with loving admiration, though tears dimmed her eyes.

Before descending to her mother's room, Nettie kissed baby and Eva tenderly.

"I wish you were coming, Evie; I should enjoy myself twice as much."

"Never mind, I will try to be happy with Bertie, and mamma will let me go down next time," Eva answered, as cheerfully as possible.

At that moment Lizette, Mrs. Ruthyn's maid, tapped sharply at the door.

"Is Miss Nettie ready?" she asked.

Nettie, without answering, went forward; and, after examining the child attentively, Lizette led her downstairs.

Mrs. Ruthyn was waiting for her daughter; she smiled approvingly as her eyes fell upon the lovely child, whose beauty was shown off by the dainty dress.

As they entered the drawing-room, Nettie glanced curiously round at the groups of well-dressed people, both young and old; but she felt a slight disappointment at not seeing any children of her own age; they were all grown-up girls and dignified youths.

After dinner—during which Nettie received no little attention from the ladies, all of whom complimented Mrs. Ruthyn on having so sweet a child—every one went out in the large gardens, where busy preparations were being made for the fireworks.

While Nettie, her hand clasped tightly by her father, who, for the first time, had the pleasure of his little daughter's company, strolled to and fro, listening to the gay chatter going on around, sometimes shyly answering a stray question addressed to her, Eva, in her lonely nursery, was trying bravely to force back the tears which welled into her eyes.

Lizette, free for the rest of the evening, came up to take tea with Elisa, and, between them, the two poor children were neglected.

"Shall you come down to see the fireworks? I can see beautifully from my window; can't you come?" she demanded.

Elisa cast a doubtful glance at her young charges.

"What can I do with them? I should like immensely to go with you, but how can I?"

"Put them to bed. No one will know; besides, why should you shut yourself up like a prisoner for them?" Lizette said sharply.

"Very well, I will come," slowly.

So baby was hastily undressed and rocked to sleep; then Eva was hurried into her little cot, and told to go to sleep like a good girl.

The child gazed wistfully after the nurse as she went towards the door, carrying the lighted candle in her hand.

"Are you afraid to be left in the dark?" Elisa asked, meeting that glance.

"Yes," timidly.

Elisa turned quickly, and placing the candle on a small table close to the child's bed, hastened from the room, anxious not to miss the fireworks.

Time flew swiftly by, and in the gardens all was brilliancy and light.

Nettie, perched on her father's shoulder, was enjoying the gay scene to the uttermost; it was not until the last rocket had cleft its way through the air, that she realized the happy evening was at an end.

Almost unconsciously a regretful sigh broke from her lips as Mr. Ruthyn lifted her from his shoulder to the ground, and she glanced towards the nursery-window.

As she did so, a startled cry escaped her, and she clutched her mother's dress.

"Look, mamma—oh, look!"

Mrs. Ruthyn, who had been lost in a deep discussion with another lady, looked quickly up as the frightened voice fell on her ear.

What she saw made her reel suddenly back, a thrill of fear and anguish stirring her heart.

The nursery-window, before but dimly lighted, was now in one blaze, an ominous flame produced by no simple candle.

A stifled shriek rose to her lips, and urged by an awful dread, she fled into the hotel, never stopping until she reached her children's room.

As she flung open the door, a cloud of black smoke, suffocating in its denseness, issued from within, mingled with flames of light.

The small cot in which Eva lay was wrapped in a ruddy glow; and dashing forward, heedless of the flames which burnt her delicate hands, Mrs. Ruthyn dragged her child from the cruel blaze, while Mr. Ruthyn, after placing his sleeping boy in safety, threw water over the fire, until it at length went out.

Poor little Eva's life was saved, but her beauty gone forever, her face having been severely burnt; but for that very reason, the child is dearer to her mother's heart than any of the others.

Mrs. Ruthyn never forgets it was through her own negligence the accident occurred, nor will she again leave her children to a stranger's care, while she rests in tranquility below.

A Canary Bird's Bacchanal Song.

A tiny yellow-feathered canary bird stopped eating hemp-seed, and began cocking his head on one side then scratching his bill with one claw, the bird began to sing in flute-like tones, "We Won't Go Home 'till Morning." Every note was as true and prompt as a French music-box. Despite the animated appearance of the songster, it was so unnatural to hear the roystering song of the bacchanals chanted by a canary that the bystanders looked suspiciously around to find the music-box which was playing the tune. The bird belongs to L. D. Stebbins, the watchmaker on Wisconsin street, and he explained the modus operandi by which the little songster acquired its surprising faculty.

He said that the bird had been bred by himself, being a common canary. The parent birds were chosen with reference to volume of voice and quality. "As soon as the bird was born," he said, "the education was begun. A mouth organ was the educator employed. Beginning thus early it was eight months before the education was completed. The bird can sing 'We Won't Go Home 'till Morning,' faultlessly, but there its acquirements end. It has never heard any other song. That tune was played at the bird three times a day on an organ. It is a common canary and is valuable on account of its superior education, insomuch that I was offered $45 for it a few days ago. Ignorant common canaries sell for $4, which proves conclusively that there is nothing lost by educating them."—*Milwaukee Wisconsin.*

The following from the Philadelphia *Times* is of interest, though a little more testimony on the closing expression would be acceptable in this country: Gen. Grant's income has been derived from the interest on the quarter million subscribed for him a few years ago and from his pay, lately, as a retired general. Col. Fred Grant has no means, all his money having gone up with Grant & Ward. Ulysses S. Jr. is not likely to want, as his father-in-law, ex-Senator Chaffee, is very rich. Jesse Grant is practically poor—the only really settled child of the General being Nellie, whose position by marriage with a member of an old and wealthy English family places her beyond the reach of want.

There were few clocks owned by families in portions of Connecticut a half century ago, says an old Litchfield resident, and it was a very common thing for families to pay 25 cents a month for the use of their stoves.

The office of the London *Times* has been so altered and rebuilt that it is unrecognizable by any one who saw it a few years ago. The circulation is not thought to be now over 50,000, but the advertisements show no decline.

In Japan there are seventy-eight normal schools and 29,254 grammar, intermediate and high schools, with an attendance of 3,017 668 pupils. Many a nation that calls itself more civilized cannot make as good a showing as this.

Most of the private structures in Russia are built of wood, and it is said there are always twenty fires, at least, in different parts of the empire. The bulk of these wooden buildings, according to recent estimate, burn down every seven or eight years.

GREAT SALT LAKE.

The Probable Outlet Accidentally Discovered by a Boy.

Peter Whitford, a farmer, living a few miles southeast of the city, and his son Frank, 19 years of age, were looking for some stray cattle. They were on horseback, and followed the tracks of the cattle to within a few miles of the most southern point of the lake. Frank was riding some distance in advance of his father, and was gazing intently on the ground, as the tracks of the cattle were somewhat indistinct. While they were riding quietly along in this manner, Mr. Whitford was startled by a shout from his son, and, looking quickly up, he saw Frank throw his arms wildly into the air, while his horse was plunging about as if terror-stricken. At the same time, there was a deep, rumbling sound, that seemed to come from the center of the earth. [illegible] had time to think, his son and the horse he rode had disappeared from view, and in the place where they had been a yawning chasm appeared, from the sides of which the earth was still caving and dropping down.

Mr. Whitford for several moments was stupefied with terror, and then, as he began to realize the terrible situation, he became almost frantic. The last piercing shriek of his son was still ringing in his ears, and he could not tell how far he had fallen or what dreadful fate he had met. The aperture seemed to be about 30 feet in width, and was nearly circular. Mr. Whitford noticed that on the opposite side from where he was standing the earth seemed comparatively solid. He therefore proceeded cautiously around, and, face downward, crept slowly and carefully forward until he was enabled to peer over the brink of the chasm. At first he could distinguish nothing but impenetrable darkness. The faint rush of waters far below was the only sound that greeted his ear, and after gazing intently for several moments he beheld the glimmer and foam of the water. He then began to "hello" lustily, and, waiting a few minutes for a reply, he heard a faint response come up from the depths below. He was overjoyed by the discovery that his son was still alive, and immediately set about to devise some means for his rescue. Fortunately he carried upon the horn of his saddle a stout lariat rope, about fifty feet in length, which he hastily procured and lowered over the side of the opening. Frank shouted up that it would not reach by several feet, and Mr. Whitford lengthened it by adding the bridle-reins, when he was overjoyed by the discovery that it reached his son. Frank fastened the rope securely around his body, and shouted for his father to draw him up. Although he is very small in stature, and does not weigh over 125 pounds, it was only by superhuman efforts that Mr. Whitford succeeded in drawing him up, and twice he came very near being dragged over the brink himself. But he was finally successful, however, [illegible] when the latter was safely landed on solid ground, can be more readily imagined than described. Frank was entirely uninjured, with the exception of several bruises on the left leg. He described his sensations while descending as most terrible, and owes his escape from injury to the fortunate circumstance of his horse remaining under him. The animal struck the bottom first, and this broke the force of Frank's fall. The horse, Frank thought, was not dead, but he intended to return and shoot him. Frank described the cavern in which he descended as being about seventy-five feet in length. He had fallen on the west side of a shelf of rocks, just below which a foaming stream of water was rushing madly past. This stream appeared, as near as Frank could tell in the dim light, to be about fifty feet in width. The spray that was constantly being dashed over the rock on which he had fallen had left a heavy deposit of salt, from which it was evident the stream same from Great Salt Lake. The cavern narrowed down at either end just leaving room for the channel of the stream. Young Whitford's escape was no less marvelous than was the wonderful discovery he made. This underground stream was flowing in a southwesterly direction, directly from the lake, and if it is not an outlet, what is it? The place where this occurred is about twenty-five miles from the city, and the locality will probably be visited by a party from this city in a few days.—*From the Salt Lake (Utah) Democrat.*

Wants a Fresh Dictionary.

The editor sat sadly at his desk. His mouth was puckered with the expression a man assumes when he tries to cut a tough piece of meat with a silver pie-knife. His cheeks were distended on one side by a chew of tobacco, on the other by a mouthful of Asiatic words.

A-f af—g-a-n gan—no, g-a-h-n—hang it! g-h-a-n! Afghanistan. James!"

"Yessir."

Run up to the house and tell my wife to send Tommy down with his geography the minute he gets home from school."

"All right, sir."

"Let me see. How had I best advise Gladstone? I wonder whether Murgha is a man or a place. But its getting late, so here goes."

"'To the thoughtful student of international politics the recent action of Gladstone cannot but appear weak in the extreme. If he had ordered the troops to attack Rawil-Pisode instead of waiting for Gen. Kushk on the banks of the Komaroff a great advantage to England would certainly have followed, and Sarakhs, as far as Kohn-Dilain was concerned, would——'

"William!"

"Yessir."

"Bring me a fresh dictionary and an ice-bandage for my head."

The making of cheese is a very important occupation, and in some parts of Switzerland, the Valais, for instance, the riches of a man are estimated according to the number of cheeses he possesses. A strange custom in the Valais is to make a cheese when a child is born, which is left untouched during his lifetime, and is often cut into for the first time at his funeral feast. A rich man stores up wine as well as cheese for his own funeral, and when that event takes place a goblet of this "deadwine" as it is called, is placed on the coffin, the mourners approach, take the goblet in their hand, touch the coffin with it, and drink the contents to a future meeting with their departed friend.

A boy fifteen years old at Stockton, Me., is 6 feet 2 inches high.

WONDERS OF COAL TAR.

Gorgeous Dyes and Most Useful Products Obtained From a Troublesome Refuse.

"Chemistry is capable of wonderful things," said an expert in chemical science, "but in nothing to which its principles were ever applied have such marvelous results followed as are witnessed in its manipulation of common gas or coal tar. Thirty years ago the problem of how they were to rid themselves of this foul and then utterly useless refuse of the retorts was puzzling manufacturers of gas, and the aid of chemistry was sought in working out the solution. They had no thought beyond the utter annihilation of the offensive tar. In their experiment with the refuse the chemists discovered the so-called burning naptha, which, however, could be applied with safety to no practical use. The tar was left in the form of a heavy oil, which was still more of a nuisance than the original compound, as it was more difficult to store and handle. The chemist Belliel discovered a channel of utility for this oil in applying it as a pickle for the preservation of railroad ties, bridge timbers, and similarly exposed woods. This used up large quantities of the refuse, but only partially relieved the tar nuisance.

"The only hope that gas men now had was that some discovery might be made in chemical experimenting which would give a commercial value to the refuse. Faraday next awoke interest in coal tar by his discovery of benzine as a product of the tar oil. It was in experimenting with the volatile substances of these oils that the great chemist Mansfield lost his life, by an explosion in his laboratory, and it was probably this casualty that directed greater attention to the possibilities of the despised gas tar.

"It was not until 1857, however, that the great value of coal tar as a raw material was demonstrated. In that year Perkins discovered its aniline properties, a discovery which has almost revolutionized the trade in dyestuffs. Perkins took coal-tar naptha, and, boiling, it in a retort, obtained a chemical action which resulted in benzole and nitro-benzole. Adding water to this, the nitro-benzole was deposited in the form of a thick, oily mass. This he experimented with in various ways, and finally, by the addition of acetic acid and iron filings, he produced a colorless fluid which is aniline. The liquid he treated with different chemical salts, and the result was green crystals of a metallic luster. These he found were capable of producing, under different chemical reactions, the most brilliant and gorgeous dyes—the aniline hues of the paint and dye trades of to-day.

"This discovery made the long-deserted coal tar a desirable product of the gas retorts, but it held still greater surprises. From the light oil of the tar a valuable naptha solvent for india-rubber was obtained, and then the [illegible] made. How many people in ordinary life know that this great disinfectant is one of the products of common gas tar? After these properties were extracted from the tar there were left heavy oils and residuum for which chemistry was puzzled to find a practical use. It was not until 1869 that any satisfactory result was obtained by experimenting with this refuse, and then the great discovery of alizarine was made. This product was first obtained by the German chemists Graebe and Liebermann, but Prof. Perkins, who had developed the aniline colors from tar, was the first to give application to the German work. The importance of this discovery may be understood when it is known that in the first ten years following the introduction of the artificial alizarine in the dyestuffs trade, it exceeded the total amount of natural alizarine, or madder root, that had been handled in the trade previous to its introduction. It was, if anything, superior to madder, and so much cheaper that the saving by its use up to 1880 had amounted to over $20,000,000. The discovery of alizarine in coal tar converted 400,000 acres of land that had been used for growing madder, root into fertile fields of corn and other cereals. With vegetable madder it required nine weeks to perfect the dyeing of a material Turkey red. The artificial madder accomplished the desired result in as many hours. Three years ago the chemist produced an artificial indigo from the residuum of gas tar, and in connection with the aniline dyes and alizarine of the same base, it is rapidly taking the place of indigo. Later, the napthaline yellows and reds, with which entirely new effects in color were made possible, were derived from coal-tar residuum. Chemists are still experimenting with the tar products, and other important developments will no doubt be made."—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Japanese.

In many respects the Japanese are a puerile people. The sports and games of the child and youth are those of the father and grandfather. The social disparity between father and son, mother and daughter, is not so marked as in other countries: the boy is a man in every way but physically; the duties of youth are those of old age; and it is perhaps owing to this close relationship that the amusements, recreations, and pastimes of the race at large are nearly coincident. Kioto is full of funny, trifling nonsensical little shows and performances, and of innumerable toy and bauble shops, which places are quite as well patronized, and with just as much enthusiasm by the old folks as by the neophyte. What would we think in America to see a large middle-aged couple sauntering along the street with a large bald-headed doll, upon which they bestow as much care and attention as though it was a genuine baby. Such sights are not unfrequent in Japan, and it is quite common for the ladies to carry their dolls with them when going out for a call.

Mrs. Hammatt, a wealthy California lady, is a peculiar person. Some years ago a Mr. Charles O. Whitney, one of the wealthiest citizens of Chattanooga, died at Rhea Springs, Tenn., and his remains were interred there. Lately his sister, Mrs. Hammalt, of Los Angeles, Cal., went to Rhea Springs and presented a permit from Whitney's widow to do with the remains as she saw fit. She had the body exhumed and plucked all the hair from his skull, saying she could communicate with his spirit through the medium of the hair. She then had the bones placed on a high pyre and set fire to the pile, reducing them to ashes. Mrs. Hammatt is a woman of high attainments and intelligence.

BAD FOR GIRLS.

The Perils of the Skating Rink and the Profits That Keep the Craze Alive.

"There is $10,000,000 invested in rinks and roller skating in the United States," said Samuel J. Byrne, of the Christian street rink, yesterday, "and an average of one patent a day, applicable to roller skating, is issued at Washington." In the absence of actual statistics, says the Philadelphia *Times*, the correctness of Mr. Byrne's estimate is questioned in other quarters, though there are few towns of 2,500 people or over where the rink has not found a foothold. Six months ago there was but one rink in Philadelphia; now there are over twenty in full blast. Like most popular crazes, the rink epidemic is mostly manufactured, and is got up entirely to make money out of roller skates. [illegible] Little money is spent [illegible] of them being for a smooth, hard floor. Generally some large, old building is selected or a hall rented, and in several instances in this city the rinks are nothing more than the upper floors of stables. In two cases meat-markets have been turned into rinks.

It is said it was a Frenchman named Tyers who first invented skates on rollers, but the man whose name is most generally associated with the roller skate is a Boston Yankee named Plimpton, who retired with several millions from the invention. He was a furniture manufacturer, and is said to have got the idea from seeing the chairs and bedsteads spun along the floor on castors. One of the very latest inventions is an ankle corset, to lessen the danger from sprained ankles, which is always great. Each rink has a large supply of skates which are rented for 15 or 25 cents for a stated period. Where thousands engage daily this becomes quite an item. Very many, of course, buy their own skates, which are three-fourths profit to the manufacturer. The rinks, principally the larger ones, are to a great extent connected under the same management and are run by or have some business connection with the skate-makers.

Another odd circumstance is that the managers and men at the head of the rinks are in hardly any instance men belonging to Philadelphia. They are nearly all strangers here, and the men they surround themselves with—the teachers, the exhibition skaters, the ushers, and even the so-called special policemen—are also men whom nobody knows anything about, though many of them are unfortunate in having a style of appearance that does not recommend them. They are generally well dressed, however, have a sporting air, and wear imitation diamond studs to captivate the feminine eye. In some cases they wear uniforms with numerous brass buttons. The teachers and exhibition skaters nearly always dress very fancifully, with velvet breeches and bright stockings, and often wear a lot of medals on their breasts. The charges made for teaching how to skate in the better class of [illegible] 50 cents for a single lesson. As a matter of fact there is little teaching, and the so called "professors" are really kept as "attractions," to keep up the interest among the girls. The "professors" are as a rule good-looking, well-built, graceful young fellows, and they can hardly ever be seen with an ugly girl in tow.

Wherever the "professor" is seen skating he is almost certain to have a pretty girl whom he supports with a scientific balance peculiar to the expert alone. It is not a tiresome exercise, and almost any one can skate for several hours without fatigue. The rinks are open all day as well as night, and it is a very common occurrence for a young girl to go to a rink with a young man at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and skate continuously until 5 or 6. During all that time he holds both her hands, one of his arms braces her in front above the waist, and they lean upon and brush each other with every swaying motion. The position is difficult and has to be learned. The man, with the girl on his right, puts her left arm in front of him and holds it firmly as a brace, with her left hand in his left hand. His right arm he puts through under the elbow of her left arm and with her right hand in his right hand she holds his arm against her as a brace. Thus braced and shoulder to shoulder they move well together, the man's right foot following between hers and her left between his, each intermediating. Either some young man or one of the attendants puts on the girl's skates and straps them and takes them off again, and also adjusts the high "ankle corsets" when they are worn. As a rule, when a young man meets a girl at a rink and skates with her he winds up the evening by "treating her" at some of the numerous drinking places and restaurants that have sprung up adjacent to these places.

Made An Opening.

"I came here," he explained to the police judge the other morning, "to hang out a sign of 'I am blind,' but I had scarcely got off the train when I found two chaps working the racket. Too much blindness arouses public suspicion."

"Was that the only opening?"

"No, sir. I started out to tie my head and arm up and work the 'Help this poor man who was hurt in a railroad accident,' but the two best corners in the town were occupied. One fellow had been crushed by a saw-log, and the other had been terribly burned while rescuing a baby."

"Pity the poor fire-sufferers!" sighed his honor.

"About the only thing left," continued the man, "was to be 'Born deaf and dumb,' but, while I was getting a placard printed by a grocer's clerk, the owner of the store came in and said he had just seen two such chaps walked to the station. Then it was either go to work or come here and be sent up!"

"And you couldn't work?"

"Well, I was wearing a placard reading, 'This man would work for 25 cents per day but for his poor health,' when the officer collared me. Guess you'll have to make an opening for me somewhere."

His honor gave him a placard reading, "This unfortunate person has been elevated for two months."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A lady not a resident of Lisbon, D. T., had a house and lot there, and the city ordered her to build a sidewalk by it. She neglected or refused to build it, and the city constructed the walk and sent her a bill for $100. She waxed wroth, had the house torn down and taken away on the cars, and she then informed the city authorities they might have the old lot.

TRAINING NAUTCH GIRLS.

A Visit to a School Where the Famous Dancing-Girls of India Receive Their Training.

In a recently published work by Mrs. Leonowens occurs the following with regard to the famous dancing-girls of India:

The Nautchnees' establishment was a curious building surrounded by a high wall. We entered through a gate, and were at once conducted by a couple of old women across a paved courtyard planted all around with the mougree, oleander, and tall red and white rose trees. Passing this we were introduced into a great bare hall, with low seats ranging around the walls, curtained all along the farther end of the room, into which inner chambers seemed to open. Here we took our places. One of the old women stood by us, while the other went off [illegible].

The great slave markets which we have all read so much about, where tender young girls are bought and sold as if they were cattle, no longer exist in British India, but the amount of traffic of the kind that is still carried on is incredible, although the fact is vigorously denied by both the buyer and the seller. In many cases these Nauchnees are not bought, but hired for a term of years, for money paid not the girls themselves, but to parents or friends. In the course of time the parents die or move away, and the girl, after having given her best days to her employers, finds herself without money, friends, or social ties, and is glad enough to spend the remainder of her life in instructing the younger members of the establishment of which, with the fidelity so natural to Oriental women, she considers herself a member, and, therefore, bound for life, to promote its interests.

After a few minutes Saidah Bebee came in to greet the Lady Kesineh. She salaamed most deferentially to us and took her place on the floor. She was a woman of about 60 years and a native of Afghanistan, tall and finely formed. She spoke of difficulty in securing respectable young girls to fill the places of those who ran away, were sold to certain rich admirers for wives or concubines, or died. It would appear that the lowest, or Cusban class, was fast diminishing. On my questioning the old lady about the average life of the Nautchnees she could give me no clear estimate, but intimated very decidedly that they generally died young.

At my special request we were shown into the exercising-room and almost over the entire establishment. There were over one hundred girls, of all ages and shades of complexion, from dark-brown to a pale, delicate olive, going through their exercise at the time. The hall was composed of bamboo trellis-work, and was light, spacious, and airy enough. From the roof hung all sorts of gymnastic apparatus, rude, but curious—ropes to which the girls clung as they whirled around on tiptoe; wheels on which they were taught to walk in order to learn a peculiar circular dance called "chakranee" (from "chak" a wheel); slip-knots into which they fasten one arm or one leg, thus holding it motionless while they exercised the other; cups, revolving balls, which they sprang up to catch, and heaps of fragile cords, with which they spin round and round, and if any one of these snap under too great a pressure they are punished, though never severely.

Altogether, it was a strange sight. Most of the girls from 10 to 14 had nothing on but a short, tight pair of drawers; the older ones had tight short-sleeved bodices in addition to the drawers, and those under 10 were naked. They were all good-looking; a few here and there were beautiful. The delicate and refined outlines of their features, the soft tint of their rich complexions, the dreamy expression of their large, dark, quiet eyes, added to great symmetry of form, made them strangely fascinating.

The teachers were all middle-aged women, some of whom looked prematurely old.

The dormitories in this establishment were bare rooms; the girls all slept on mats or cushions on the floor. Each had a lota, or drinking-cup, a little mirror, and a native box in which to keep her clothes. The more finished and accomplished Nautchees had rooms to themselves. I went into one of these. It was matted and very simply furnished. A tier of boxes in which her jewels and robes were kept, a cot, a few brass lotas, fans, cojas, or water-holders, with some tiny-looking glasses ranged along the wall—and this was all.

I inquired for the beautiful Nautchnee who had interested me. Her name was Khangee; she was a Soodahnee by birth. The Soodahs are a military race or tribe inhabiting parts of the province of Cutch; they find their chief wealth in the beauty of their daughters, and for one of the Soodahnees a rich Mohammedan will pay from $1,000 to $10,000. Rajahs, wealthy Mohammedan merchants, and proprietors of dancing girls often dispatch their emissaries to Cutch, Kabool, Cashmere, and Rajpootana in search of beautiful women. The fame of Cashmerian and Soodah women has spread far and wide, and often some beautiful creature is picked up out of the hovels of Thur, Booly, or Cashmere and transported to the gorgeous pomp of a royal harem. The Rajpoots intermarry with the Soodah and Cashmerian women, and, being naturally a handsome race, they have preserved by this means that physical beauty of which they are so justly proud.

Very little was known of Khangee's history beyond the fact that she was a Soodahnee by birth. She was bought at an early age from her parents, who were poor and occupied a hovel in the village of Thur in Cutch, and sold to this establishment when in her 7th year, and was almost as ignorant of her parentage as a newly-born babe. At the time of our visit she had been hired with a party of Nautchnees to assist in the marriage celebration which, was to take place at the house of a rich Bunyan, or Hindoo, grain merchant.

These Nautchnees often marry well and become chaste wives and mothers of large families. The four requisites for a Nautchnee are bright eyes, fine teeth, long hair, and a perfect symmetry of form and feature. A small black mole between the eyebrows or on either cheek will enhance her value to an extraordinary degree.

Near Cairo, Ill., resides a man who claims to have discovered pure paint in large quantities on his farm. It is of several different colors—red, white, blue and yellow—and "requires no preparing but to mix with oil, after which it is ready for use."

SHORT TALKS WITH BOYS.

"I am a farmer's son and am not satisfied with my surroundings."

This paragraph or a portion of it is certain to be found in four out of every five letters received from the country, and it is a matter which should be investigated. Our statesmen and journalists and philanthropists are continually praising agriculture as a vocation, and the idea that the farmer is independent and happy prevails in every story of rural life.

What has dissatisfied farmer's sons? Why is it that so many of them want to leave the farm for any work that will bring them a living? In most cases the trouble will be found with the farmer instead of his son.

It is a curious position in which an old-fashioned farmer and his son are placed. [illegible] fifty years ago. He can't see why any one should want anything better than bare floors, Windsor chairs and cowhide boots. He would as soon go to meeting without a collar as with one. He "rayther likes" the music of an organ, but if he buys an organ he won't feel like building that addition to the barn. He can't really see how any one can sit down and get interested in books, and why Henry and William should want "real cloth" collars and cuffs is a deep conundrum. When 8 o'clock comes he gets ready for bed, and he can't see how the boys and girls can "abear" company who keeps them up until 10. The farm is conducted after the fashion of a quarter of the last century. The house may be painted once in five years, but the chances are that it is allowed to go ten. The barns have needed repairs for years past, but it is cheaper to lose a ton of hay by the leaks than to buy new shingles. The fences are rotting down, but next winter will be a good time to split rails. There are half a dozen panes of glass needed about the house, but if the broken lights were renewed they might be smashed again. The democrat wagon has been "about worn out" for the last five years, and that's the reason for not having it painted. The harnesses will hardly hold together, but they must answer for another year. The boys are held to "serve their time," like so many slaves or convicts, and the amount of cash finding its way into their pockets yearly would not keep a bootblack in stock to do business.

Is the picture overdrawn? I can add twenty per cent to the strength of each assertion and then not exceed the truth.

And now what's the matter with farmers' boys? They live in a new world—the father in an old one. No matter how little schooling they have had, they are better educated than he is. No matter if the father refuses to do more than subscribe to a weekly paper, his boys are fairly posted on the daily happenings all over the world. He wants to farm after old ideas—they after new ones. He got along east or west of the United States—without grammar, orthography, or being able to more than write his name—without collars or cuffs or neckties—without books or papers or amusements, and he is quite certain that the boys can do the same.

The number of farmers' sons who are leaving home, either with a half-hearted consent, or running away, is greater than you dream of. They flock to the towns and cities to learn trades; to accept of menial positions; to take any work which will pay their way and prevent the necessity of returning to farm work.

The farmer who realizes this must ask himself where the blame lies, and then seek a remedy. Is there a remedy? Let us see.

In the first place farmers' sons are overworked. There is no doubt that the farmer is, too, but that doesn't alter the case. When you rout a boy of 14, 16, or 18 out of bed at 4 30 or 5 o'clock in the morning, and work him till 7 or half-past, you are making a white slave of him. You not only peril his health, but you deform his body. That's the cause of so many sons of farmers being lop-shouldered, bow-backed, or otherwise deformed, and the origin can be traced to over-exertion while growing.

There isn't a farm in this country on which the hours of labor couldn't be shortened to ten hours without causing a loss of $25 per year. If ten hours is enough for a ditch-digger it is all that a farmer's son should be called upon to endure. If there are two hours between 6 o'clock and darkness on a summer's evening the boy can take up a book or paper, or put it to good use in some other way. As it is now, he knows he is expected to slave from daylight till dark, and when night comes he is weary in body and aggravated in spirit.

And the remedy is not altogether in shortening the hours of work. The boys must have things to interest and amuse them. They want books, magazines and newspapers. If there's a chance to fix up a bowling alley let the boys go ahead and make one. The game of bowls is a healthy exercise, and furnishes plenty of sport. If one of the boys has a taste for music help him on with it. Let him have a fiddle, accordion, organ, or whatever instrument he feels he can bring music out of. Both boys and girls should be encouraged to sing. To this end they should be encouraged to get up singing classes, which might meet around from house to house. A young people's social club, to meet in the same manner, would prove very interesting.

The farm can be made pleasanter than the work-shop—the farm-house as full of comfort and happiness as any home in the city. When this takes place the farmer's son will not be the young man he is. He will be jovial, content, and enthusiastic. He will be able to appear well in any society, to converse with any one on the topics of the day, and he will have some future outside of the day in and day out toil which is crooking his spine and thickening up his brains.—*M. Quad, in Detroit Free Press.*

The word "chestnut" as applied to a stale joke originated at Philadelphia with Louis Mestayer, the comedian, who was disgusted with the alleged witticisms produced by a negro minstrel company at the Chestnut Street Theater. Hearing an old joke repeated, he told the relator that the Chestnut Street Theater had a copyright on that one, and the professionals caught up the idea and applied the term "chestnut" to every story that they had before heard.—*Springfield Union.*

A late invention is an ankle corset designed as a brace while roller skating.

BLUE EYES INCREASE.

An Authentic Statement that will Pique Many Maidens.

Blue eyes so bright and tender have ever received the poet's passioned praise since the time when ancient Chaucer built the original lofty rhyme, and until to-day, when the frantic lover, sighing like a furnace, indites a halting sonnet to the object of his passion. Men adore blue eyes in women and women reciprocate in kind. Someone sighs for the old-fashioned girl of fifty years ago and complains that sweet eighteen of to-day is not comparable with the Venus who then walked the earth with sparkling orbs of liquid blue.

The present generation, whose only knowledge of the female beauty of half a century ago is derived from daguerreotypes of the grandmothers or such [illegible] wrap small packages of tobacco, soap, and candles in country stores, will be pleased to learn that, instead of a decrease, there is an increase in the number of blue eyes since the days of George IV.

Speaking on the subject yesterday, an eminent professor who has devoted a great deal of attention to the eyes gave this as his opinion: "Without having any data at hand," he said, "I would say that, considering the causes to which blue eyes are attributable, there would be more of that color now than there were fifty years ago."

He explained the matter scientifically thus:

"I think so because the color of the eye depends on the quantity of the pigment deposited in the iris and the amount of light the eye is called upon to absorb. Fifty years ago people were more exposed to the direct rays of the sun and lived less in retirement than they do now, and therefore the eye was called upon to absorb more light. It would be a fair inference that people who were much exposed to free, open sunlight, and living in a state inclining to a state of nature, would have darker eyes than those living in a city, wearing glasses and remaining a great deal in their homes."

"Do you think the color of eyes attributable in any degree to climatic influences?"

"Yes, the color is subject in a great degree to climatic influence and the methods of living of the people. To illustrate what I mean about the eye absorbing light, you will observe that walking along in the snow the eye is called upon to absorb a great deal of light, but in looking on a dark piece of velvet it is the reverse. The velvet does the absorption. Blue eyes are increasing in number, I believe, not decreasing.

"There is another standpoint from which the study of eyes is interesting, and that is in relation to the indication they surely give of a person's character. The poet has called the eyes 'the windows of the soul,' and unquestionably they are the most eloquent features of the human countenance revealing our impulses, our passions, and often our very thoughts.

"By the eyes we form our first impressions of a person's character, and it is very seldom that we change that first feeling, be it good or bad, without the strongest cause. Every trait and quality finds expression in these mirrors. Blue eyes betray two antithetic characters. Large and bright they denote quick perception and great susceptibility of external influences. In the gentler more often than in the sterner sex they are found coupled with fine arched eyebrows, in which case they indicate in men a refined nature and æsthetic tastes, and in women a lovable disposition, with a predilection for dress, music, and the fine arts. It is a principle generally recognized by physiognomists that beautiful eyes betoken a corresponding beauty of character, amiability, trustfulness, honor, and devotion.

"Adorers of blue eyes and light eyes generally will not be a little disappointed to learn that they signify cunning and deceitfulness, and that physiognomists advise us to beware of them. It is rather startling information, certainly, in the light of the intelligence that eyes of this color are on the increase.

"Gray eyes are said to denote intelligence, coupled with studiousness and great mental capacity, and adorned by kind feeling. Black eyes are unfathomable, and may either imply deceit and unscrupulousness or a noble elevation of character.

"Eyes like those of any of the lower animals, for instance, will be found where the nature of the person possessing them resembles that of the animal in question. But withal, it is still gratifying to find that blue eyes, always most beautiful, are on the increase."—*Buffalo News.*

A High Jinks Waiter.

Not new, but true: Scene, Ladies' High Jinks at the Bohemian Club. Mr. and Mrs. George and Cousin Charlie.

Mrs. George—Dear, I am so hungry! It makes me hollow to be intellectual. Won't you call a waiter and ask for something?

Mr. George—My darling, that's just what I want to do, but, hang it all, I can't be sure which are the waiters.

Mrs. George—I should think you'd been in the club long enough to know the members by this time.

Mr. George—So I have, my love; but you see there are a lot of rich men who seldom come to the club save on jink's nights, and I don't know all of them, even by sight.

Cousin Charlie—What nonsense! Now, in my business, it's necessary to be a keen judge of character. I can tell what business a man is in the minute I look at him. See that chump over there by the wall? Now, anybody'd know that he was a waiter. Use your eyes. It's easy enough. (Imperiously) "Waiter! Come over here and wait upon this lady."

The supposed waiter gives a stony glare, walks over, and seats himself by the side of a wealthy society lady, with whom he immediately enters into a friendly conversation.

Exit Cousin Charlie.

In nearly every railroad station in London is a small box on legs, painted crimson, which may be called an automatic postoffice. It is divided into two compartments. On the top are apertures admitting a penny, one being for postal cards and the other for envelopes. You drop a penny through the slot and open a little drawer beneath, and, presto, you find a postal card. Drop two pennies in the right hand slot, open a corresponding drawer, and you find a stamped envelope containing a dainty sheet of note paper. These little conveniences are the property of a company.

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The Bucks County Gazette.

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

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THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1885.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Gazette will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

—The fight in the Senate over the Congressional Apportionment bill was postponed until to-day.

—The Apaches, or a portion of them, headed by Geronimo are on the war path in Arizona. They are murdering settlers and the troops are after them.

—Heads of the Government bureaus at Washington are preparing for their respective secretaries of departments lists of Republican office holders who may be removed to make room for Democratic appointees.

—At Sacramento, Cal., two girls thought it would be fun to black their [illegible] preparation that won't wash off. It operates like a dye, and chemists say it probably will not wash off for months.

—Charlestown, South Carolina, hopes to have by August next the deepest artesian well in the world. If it fulfills expectations it will be two thousand feet deep, will have a diameter of at least six inches at the bottom, and will yield four million gallons a day—enough for the ample supply for the whole city. Work upon it is just beginning.

—A letter from Mexico says the poverty of the country may be traced directly to the slovenly system of farming which prevails. The agricultural resourses are enormous. Though only one-fifth of the best land in the great plateau is under cultivation it supports millions of people with a style of farming that would produce starvation in the best section of New York or Pennsylvania. The Mexican's sole conception of the utility of plowing is scratch up enough loose dirt to cover the seed; in the great majority of cases the ground is never touched after planting.

—There has been a hard fight in the Episcopal Diocesan Convention at Charlestown, S. C., as to the eligibility of colored clergymen to membership, and the result has been a victory for the clergy. The clergy are almost solid in support of the rights of colored ministers, but the laity, of whom [illegible] opposed to any recognition of colored clergymen. They say boldly that the Episcopal Church in South Carolina is a white man's church, and, although some of them try to cover up their real sentiments under the guise of what they call "constitutional objections," their opposition to the colored clergy is really inspired by the color of their skin. It is expected that the final result will be either the formation of a colored Episcopal Church, with a colored Bishop, or else the absorption of the colored Episcopal churches by other denominations.

—The Thirty-first annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Teachers' Association will be held in the Opera House, at Harrisburg, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, July 7th, 8th, and 9th. The programme has been carefully prepared by the Executive Committee, and all arrangements for a successful meeting have been completed. Orders for excursion tickets on the several railroads can be procured by addressing J. F. Sickel, Germantown, Pa., not later than July 3d. Hotels and boarding houses will make the usual reduction in rates to members of the Association. An excursion to Gettysburg has been arranged for Friday, July 10th. Fare for the round trip will not exceed one dollar and twenty five cents. An excursion has also been arranged to Fortress Monroe, Richmond and Washington, returning to Harrisburg within ten days. The excursion party will go from Baltimore to Fortress Monroe 118 miels, by steamer. The round trip ticket will cost nine dollars.

—The committee appointed by the "Independent Literary Society" of Byberry and Bensalem to make arrangements for holding a fourth annual literary meeting under the auspices of said society met at the residence of Hillborn Knight last Thursday evening, May 28th. Neshaminy Falls Grove has been secured for Saturday, August 8th. The name of Charles Emary Smith, editor of the "*Philadelphia Press*", who in former former years has given so much satisfaction as an orator, will again appeare of the programme, as will also that of Miss T. Lizzie Peirce, Principle of the Mt. Vernon School of Elocution and Oratory. Several members of the society are to participate in the exercises, James Mooney is to deliver an essay, Lizzie Clark, Lizzie Comley, Fred B. Vandegrift, and Mary Parry are enrolled as speakers. A band has, as yet, not been secured.

The committee desire to make this meeting even a greater success than those of preceeding years.

For the Bucks County Gazette.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SEPTUAGENARY.

A RIDE IN THE FAST EXPRESS MAIL.

About 1838, I believe it was in 1838, a new feature was added to the United States Postal Department. Postage on ordinary letters was twenty-five cents; the letter must be on a single sheet; if a draft or note was inclosed, that would be two sheets, and double postage was charged, or fifty cents. Envelopes were unknown. Letters were not necessarily prepaid. There were, in those times, no railroads west of the mountains. No telegraphs of course, they were unknown. In the winter the roads were almost impassable; sometimes there was no mail in St. Louis for a week, and when a mail arrived the faces of the people were beaming, and one said to another, "there is a mail just arrived." Then the fast express mail was organized by the Government. The postage on single letters was fifty cents; on double sheets one dollar! Rather high postage, but the fast Express was largely used, and was a success. I once travelled on the fast express mail; they took one passenger, and I had the privilege of being that on the first day of January 1840. From New York by steamboat to Amboy, by rail from there to Camden; crossed the Delaware to Philadelphia; to Baltimore by stage. I think, but I am not certain, from Baltimore by rail to Frederick, from Frederick to Wheeling by stage. At Wheeling I crossed the Ohio river, and proceeded to Springfield, Ohio by stage, over the National road. At Springfield the National road stopped. General Jackson, for constitutional reasons, had vetoed the bill for its further extension. I have always regretted that action of General Jackson's; what a glorious thing it would have been had that road been continued to our furtherest western limit; from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean; four thousand miles of macadamized National road, to which the famous Roman roads would be insignificant. But to resume the account of my journey. To Springfield the incidents of the trip would hardly be worth recounting, but at Springfield everything changed. I had before me hundreds of miles through mud and swamp and river bottoms. To an ordinary carriage, at that season of the year, the roads were almost impassable: for this part of the journey the fast express was devised. I was mounted on a seat by the side of the driver on a strong two-wheeled cart, the mail and my baggage in the box behind us; we were drawn by four horses. Starting at full gallop, day and night, where possible, with intermissions at stations [illegible] minutes to change horses and no regulations for food taking; it was evidently to be a question of endurance. However, I was "in for it." We went on, hour after hour; crossed the Wabash at Vincennes, into that terrible mudhole on the west side of the river appropriately named "Purgatory," at night, with mud up the hubs of our wheels, bumping over logs, at the risk of breaking harness and cart, if not our necks. There had been so far a thaw and deep mud. Now the weather changed to intense cold, but I was warmly provided with wraps, and could endure the cold; I suffered more from want of sleep. I recollect at one time, when we were changing horses, a sympathetic landlord urged me to take supper, but I refused, ten minutes sleep being much more enjoyable. Over the the prairie roads of Illinois, over frozen roads, jolting and jarring, hours after hours, we went along, before we reached the bank of the Mississippi. I was exhausted. In the latter part of the journey I was strapped to the seat at the side of the driver, to prevent falling off the cart. Finally we reach the bank of the Mississippi, opposite St. Louis. The river was full of ice! The ferry boat could not cross. This had been provided for—the mails were to be crossed in a flat-bottomed skiff. After great persuasion I was allowed to go with the mail. What is now East St. Louis, was then a hamlet of log-houses, and was in very bad repute. The skiff was manned by two or three Canadian-French voyagers; the mails were put on the skiff, and I went into it, with instructions to lay flat on the bottom, and not to move whatever occurred. The exploit was probably not as hazardous as it looked, but there was some danger; many cakes of ice in the river were very large. As the skiff approached one of these, a man jumped out, and the skiff was hauled over the ice, then it was launched into the water on the other side of the cake of ice. This was repeated several times. It took a took a long time to cross, and when, at last, we landed it was below St. Louis at Carondalet. People were watching our progress, and the mail was taken in charge. I hired a conveyance and went to my quarters. We arrived in St. Louis on the evening of the eighth of January, the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans; there was a ball in the city to commemorate that event. I did not go the ball but undressed and went to bed, waking the next day about noon, refreshed, but bruised and stiffened, and it took several days to get over the effects of the journey. I had no anxiety to repeat my journey on the "Fast Express Mail." It took eight days in those times to go from New York to St. Louis by the most expeditious route, enduring great hardships; we can now make the same journey in about thirty hours, by rail, in a Pullman car, with no fatigue, and for half the expense. The world moves.

GLEANINGS.

Elephants won't take medicine unless it has a drop of the "craythur" in it.

One of the New York papers has facilities for printing twenty-six copies per second.

Baron Nordensjold is preparing for a fresh attempt to reach the North pole by way of islands south of Siberia.

An effort is being made to cultivate the nettle, with the object of obtaining from it a material suitable for weaving.

The expenses at Vassar College run from $500 to $1,000 a year. The girls have no foot-ball teams or rowing crews to support.

An athlete advises stair-climbers not to hurry nor to spring from stair to stair. They should step firmly, leisurely and keep erect.

The largest prune orchard in the world contains 16,000 trees. It is situated one mile from Saratoga, Cal., and was recently sold for $75,000.

San Francisco has a citizen, the owner of considerable real estate, from which he derives a large income, who peddles fruit about the streets.

Dakota is also proud of a millionaire Chinaman, who resides at Rockford. He owns mines, United States bonds, horses and carriage and a warehouse.

A long-haired elephant, larger and more perfect than any specimen hitherto secured, is being extricated from the ice at the mouth of the Lena Delta.

A book is said to be in process of publication entitled "The First Families of the United States," wealth being the determining consideration.

It is said that of the [illegible] Sacramento river last year not more than 100 will make their appearance this season.

Floating sawmills are common on the lower Mississippi. They pick up the drifting logs, turn them into lumber and sell the product to the planters along the shore.

There is no such officer as Lieutenant-Governor in the States of Maryland, Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Georgia, Maine, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Oregon, and West Virginia.

Victor Hugo, although over 80 years of age, is said to have the "teeth of a wolf and the stomach of a lion." He has as many hairs on his head as when he was one and twenty, only they are white.

The Colloseum at Rome had a seating capacity of over 87,000. The building having the greatest seating capacity in the United States is Madison Square Garden. It has accommodations for 8,413 persons.

The railways in England are severely affected by the general depression. People don't travel, because they can't afford it. First class passengers ride third, and third class passengers hide under the seats and dodge the ticket collectors.

The charcoal burners of New Jersey inhabit a long strip of wooded hills running parallel to the coast for miles. It is said they put their dead in the coal pits and cremate them, and the pits also give evidence of having received living victims.

No machine of travel that man ever invented can equal the speed of wild fowl. The canvas-back duck flies two miles a minute. The broad bill goose slightly slower. Teal can fly at the rate of 100 miles an hour, the wild goose about ninety.

The dude collar, the tall, stiff choker, resembling a wristband, which has been so much caricatured, has had its day. Though not entirely extinct, it only flourishes as a last relic around the neck of a few superannuated sports and second-class mashers.

A fire in an Iowa church was extinguished in a novel manner by a quick-witted druggist. The fire was raging in the floor under the joists, and no water was at hand. He quickly mixed up a pailful of common soda in a lot of sulphuric acid and poured it down. Sufficient gas was generated to immediately extinguish the flames.

Luminous trees are reported to be growing in a valley near Tuscarora, Nev. At certain seasons the foliage gives out sufficient light to enable any one near at hand to read small print, while the luminous general effect may be perceived some miles distant. The phenomenon is attributed to parasites.

The word Venzuela means Little Venice. The explorers of old, like tourists of modern times, were given to tracing resemblances in America to what they were familiar with in Europe, and they imagined that the huts of Maracaibo, rising on piles above the water, looked liked the city of canals and gondolas.

The *Medical Times* thinks there is "something anomalous in an age which is at one time charged with cultivating muscle at the expense of mind, and at another with forcing the brains and neglecting the bodies of the rising generation." A judicious care of both brain and muscle would be a common sense solution of the difficulty.

A French statistician has discovered that up to the present 2,540 Emperors and Kings have governed 64 nations. Out of this number 300 have been driven from their thrones, 64 have abdicated, 24 have committed suicide, 12 have become insane, 100 fell in battle, 123 were captured, 25 died martyrs, 151 have been assassinated, and 108 have been condemned to death and executed according to law.

Mrs. Mary Breneman, of Lafayette, Ind., claims to be the oldest human being in the land. According to her account and that of her relatives, she was born at Lewiston, Del., on the 14th of March, 1778. In 1801 she and her first husband, William Colter, moved to Circleville, Ohio, making the journey in a wagon. Her youngest son resides at Rensalaer, in Jasper County, Ind., and is eighty-one years of age.

The average public speaker says in an hour what, if printed, would fill fifteen octavo pages. If the ordinary conversation of one day of persons in private life be estimated equivalent to four hours' consecutive speaking, a man says in one week what, if printed, would be an octavo volume of 320 pages. In one year he speaks fifty-two such volumes, and in thirty years he would have an extensive library of 1,500 volumes.

Mr. Pullman has a rival in Russia, where the employes of the large engineering works belonging to the firm of Struve & Co. have recently been planted in a complete settlement. The workmen, of whom there are between 3,500 and 4,000 are all lodged in small cottages, most of which are made to accommodate two families only, while the public institutions of the colony include a refractory, a laundry, a hospital, a benefit society, a technical school, and a co-operative store.

Gordon could not help taking a quaintly humorous view of things, even in the dark days of Khartoum. When he found that Mr. Gladstone's Government was persistently disregarding his appeals for aid, and became convinced that he was to become a martyr to duty, he naturally blamed Sir Evelyn Baring for his abandonment and said so bluntly in his diary; but he added, with a keen recollection of his own last journey across the desert: "Oh, Evelyn! Evelyn! I would forgive you all your iniquities if I could see you bumping across the Korosko Desert upon a camel!"

"While in India," says Lord Garmoyle, "I was asleep in my bed one night when I awoke feeling something very clammy sticking to my great toe. It was a cobra. Putting my hand beneath my pillow I drew out my revolver, took aim, fired, and shot off the toe with the snake attached to it. The toe was subsequently examined by an experienced surgeon who discovered that it was pregnated with poison. Had it not, therefore, been for my presence of mind, I should never have seen my native England again."

☞Henry Schœnhals, foreman Henry Krug Packing Co, St Joseph, Mo., uses Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil with his men for sprains, cuts, bruises, chapped hands, etc. It is the best

Chattanooga, Tenn., has grown since the war from a clump of whitewashed warehouses and shanties to a city of 25,000 inhabitants; from a tax roll of $1,300,000 to one of $7,000,000, and has developed her industries from a capital of $200,000 to a capital of $5,000,000.

☞Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla, and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron. Its control over scrofulous diseases is unequalled by any other medicine.

The [illegible] Liberty [illegible] is packed in 300 cases.

☞His Loss was Her Gain.—"Well madam," said a fashionable physician to a wealthy lady patient "if you dont like my prescriptions, perhaps you had better try Parker's Tonic, or some other quack stuff." "You don't mean it, Doctor," she answered, "but your advice may be good for all that. Sometimes what you call 'quack stuff' is the best and most scientific medicine, after all," She got a bottle of Parker's Tonic and it cured her of neuralgia arising from disordered stomach and nerves. She told her friends, and now they all keep a doctor at home in the form of Parker's Tonic.

—A British officer says that such a thing as a good looking Arab woman does not exist.

☞There is no use Figting Nature.—Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy does nothing of that kind. It does not make the sufferers who trust it worse under the pretence of doing them good. It acts tenderly and in sympathy with what Nature herself is trying to accomplish. Do you have trouble with your digestion, your liver or your kidneys. Does rheumatism pain and rack you? Is your head thick and heavy? It will charm away these ailments almost ere you are aware.

—Hydrangeas are prophesied to be the favorite flower for lawns this summer.

☞Queer Reading Would be the History of Names.—We cannot however go into the subject now, except so far as to say that Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" was called by that name, in an informal fashion, long before the Doctor dreamed of [illegible] it for public use. Speaking of it he would say to his patients, "This is my favorite remedy for all troubles of the blood," &c., and its success was so great that he finally spelled the name with capital letters.

☞Southern Antidote for Malaria.—It should be generally known that Simmons Liver Regulator, is relied upon to secure to the people immunity from all malarial disorders. That this medicine does what is claimed for it is proved by its popularity, and any one who has lived in the South three years has no doubt seen its curative effects and the protection it gives against the return of this weakening and dangerous malady

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-street., N. Y.

BURTON'S EXPRESS.

JOSHUA BURTON

is at all times prepared to do jobs of

HAULING

of every description, and at prices to suit the times.

Furniture handled with care.

Orders left at Kelley's Cigar Store, No. 68 Mill Street, will be promptly attended to.

Intelligent **SOLICITORS WANTED** for the

MEMOIRS OF U. S. GRANT

His own Account of an eventful life, including the thrilling scenes of the **greatest military struggle** of modern times. For particulars, address HUBBARD BROS, Pub's, 723 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

WIN more money than at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed grandly None fail. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Augusta Maine.

S. B. ARDREY & SONS,

Machinists, Model and Pattern Makers

POND STREET, ABOVE WALNUT, BRISTOL.

MACHINE AND GENERAL BLACKSMITHS.

Farmers having machinery to repair will find it to their advantage to patronize us.

BUY IT AND TRY IT.

Try it for earache,
Try it for headache,
Try it for toothache,
Try it for backache.

For an ache or a pain Thomas' Eclectric Oil is excellent.—Chas. F. Medler, box 274, Schenectady, N. Y.

Thomas' Eclectric Oil is the best thing going, pa says. Cured him of rheumatism and me of earache—two drops—Master Horace Brenizer, Clinton, Iowa.

Try it for a limp,
Try it for a lameness,
Try it for a pain,
Try it for a strain.

From shoulder to ankle joint, and for three months I had rheumatism which yielded to nothing but Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Thomas' Eclectric Oil did what no physician seemed able to accomplish. It cured me.—John N. Gregg, Supt. of Railway Construction, Niagara Falls.

Try it for a scald,
Try it for a cut,
Try it for a bruise,
Try it for a burn.

Price 50 cts. and $1.00.

FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Prop's.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

WARREN LELAND,

whom everybody knows as the successful manager of the

Largest Hotel Enterprises

of America, says that while a passenger from Horn, in the early days of emigration to California, he learned that one of the officers of the vessel had cured himself, during the voyage, of an obstinate disease by the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Since then Mr. Leland has recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla in many similar cases, and he has never yet heard of its failure to effect a radical cure.

Some years ago one of Mr. Leland's farm laborers bruised his leg. Owing to the bad state of his blood, an ugly scrofulous swelling or lump appeared on the injured limb. Horrible itching of the skin, with burning and darting pains through the lump, made life almost intolerable. The leg became enormously enlarged, and running ulcers formed, discharging great quantities of extremely offensive matter. No treatment was of any avail until the man, by Mr. Leland's direction, was supplied with Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which allayed the pain and irritation, healed the sores, removed the swelling, and completely restored the limb to use.

Mr. Leland has personally used

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

for Rheumatism, with entire success; and, after careful observation, declares that, in his belief, there is no medicine in the world equal to it for the cure of **Liver Disorders, Gout, the effects of high living, Salt Rheum, Sores, Eruptions, and all the various forms of blood diseases.**

We have Mr. Leland's permission to invite all who may desire further evidence in regard to the extraordinary curative powers of Ayer's Sarsaparilla to see him personally either at his mammoth Ocean Hotel, Long Branch, or at the popular Leland Hotel, Broadway, 27th and 28th Streets, New York.

Mr. Leland's extensive knowledge of the good done by this unequalled eradicator of blood poisons enables him to give inquirers much valuable information.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

THE GREAT SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR Unfailing Specific FOR Liver Complaint.

The Symptoms of Liver Complaint

are uneasiness and pain in the side, sometimes pain in the shoulder, and is mistaken for rheumatism, the Stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness, bowels, in general, costive, sometimes alternating with lax, the head is troubled with pain and dull, heavy sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done, often complaining of weakness, debility and low spirits. Sometimes many of the above attend the disease and at other times very few of them—but the liver is generally the organ most involved.

REGULATE THE LIVER AND PREVENT

Dyspepsia, Constipation, Jaundice, Bilious Attacks, Chills and Fever, Headache, Colic, Depression of Spirits, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Piles, etc.

Tonic, Alterative and Cathartic!

Simmons Liver Regulator, purely vegetable, is the medicine generally used in the South to arouse the torpid Liver to healthy action.

It acts with extraordinary power and efficacy on the Liver and Kidneys!

The action of the Regulator is free from nausea or griping. It is most effective in starting the secretions of the Liver, causing the bile to act as a cathartic. When there is an active purge; after the removal of the bile it will regulate the bowles and impart vigor and health to the whole system.

Genuine prepared only by J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia.

JESSE O. THOMAS,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Gazette Office. BRISTOL, Pa

JOSEPH SHERMAN. WILLIAM C. PEIRCE.

An Ordinance

CONCERNING PAVEMENTS.

SECTION I. Be it ordained and enacted by the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol, and it is hereby ordained and enacted by authority of the same. That whenever, in the judgement of the Committee on Streets of the Councils of the Borough of Bristol, any pavement, gutter, or curb on the public streets of said Borough is deemed to be out of repair or not in contormity with the grade of the street, then the Committee on Streets shall at once issue a written or printed notice, directed to the owner or owners of the property in front of, around or upon which such pavement, gutter or curb needing alterations or repairs is situated, directing such owner or owners to have said repairs or alterations made, and it shall be the duty of said owner or owners, upon receiving notice as aforesaid, to proceed to have the necessary repairs and alterations made, as directed by the Committee, in default of which, after the lapse of three months from the serving of notice as aforesaid, the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol shall proceed to do the work and recover the cost thereof from such owner or owners in accordance with the Act of Assembly in such case made and provided.

SECTION II. And it shall be the duty of the Committee on Streets to keep an accurate record of all notices served in accordance with the provisions of this Ordinance, and to report such record to the Clerk of Council at every regular meeting of the Council.

Enacted into an Ordinance at the Council Chamber of the Borough of Bristol the 25th day of May A. D., 1885.

WILLIAM H. GRUNDY,
Burgess.

Attest—J. WESLEY WRIGHT,
Clerk.

An Ordinance

TO REPEAL AN ORDINANCE ENTITLED "AN ORDINANCE REQUIRING THE REMOVAL OF OBSTRUCTIONS PLACED IN THE STREETS, ALLEYS, AND GUTTERWAYS OF THE BOROUGH OF BRISTOL.

Whereas, Upon the 28th day of April, A. D., 1853, the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol enacted an ordinance to require the removal of obstructions placed in the streets, alleys or gutterways of the Borough of Bristol.

And Whereas, Owing to the changed condition of affairs, consequent upon the lapse of time, and the growing needs of the Borough, said ordinance does not meet the requirements at present existing, *Therefore be it ordained* by the Burgess and council of the Borough of Bristol, and it is hereby ordained and enacted by authority of the same, that the ordinance entitled "An ordinance requiring the removal of obstructions placed in the streets, alleys or gutterways of the Borough of Bristol," enacted into an ordinance upon the 28th day of April, A. D., 1853, shall be, and the same is hereby repealed.

Enacted into an ordinance at the Council Chamber of the Borough of Bristol this 25th day of May A. D., 1885.

WILLIAM H. GRUNDY,
Burgess.

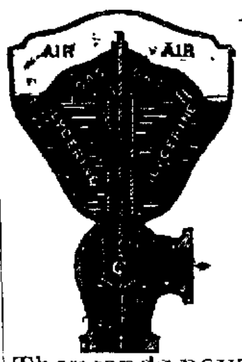
Attest—J. WESLEY WRIGHT,
Clerk.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GAS BILLS Reduced Fifteen to Forty per cent., Guaranteed,

BY USING THE

Sleeman Improved Automatic Gas-Saving Governor.



All Brass: no Rubber or Leather Diaphragm to be Eaten up by Gas: no Mercury to cause Dangerous Leaks and Poison the Air.

WE SUBSTANTIATE THE FOLLOWING CLAIMS

Greater brilliancy, steadier flame, no broken globes.
No blowing nor smoking burners. Insurance risks greatly reduced.
No poisonous vapors from unconsumed gases.
No vitiated atmosphere.
No smoked up walls, paintings nor drapery.
Save their cost every 3 months. Equal to 400 per cent. per annum. Do they pay?

Thousands now in use in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago and elsewhere. Time proves all things.

Pamphlets giving full information and highest testimonials at GAZETTE office, or by mail.

The Penna. and New Jersey Gas-Saving Company,

721 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

JESSE O. THOMAS, Manager for Bristol.

Upper Lehigh and Other First-Class **COAL,**

EGG, STOVE, SMALL STOVE, $5.50.

CHESTNUT, $5.25.

BLACKSMITH'S COAL, First-Class,

$5.00 PER TON, AT THE YARD.

HARD AND SOFT WOOD, dry and nicely split.

AMBER SOAP, The Best in the Market for Family Use.

CHARLES W. PEIRCE,

CORNER WASHINGTON AND CANAL STS.

J. Wesley Wright,

West of Canal, Mill St.,

BRISTOL, PA.

We are now opening our new line of

Carpets! Carpets!

FOR THE

SPRING SALES,

at prices that are astonishingly low, and that will satisfy buyers that there is no need for them to go outside of our own town to be suited.

FIVE FRAME BODY BRUSSELS.

BRUSSELS! BRUSSELS!

At 50, 62, 65, 75, 90 and $1.00 per yard.

EXTRA SUPER ALL WOOL INGRAIN, 60 to 75 cents.

EXTRA SUPER INGRAINS, Cotton Chain.

ALL WOOL INGRAIN 50c. yard

INGRAINS, in all grades, from 52 cents per up.

WOOL STRIPE RAG CARPETS

HALL AND STAIR CARPETS, in large variety.

MATTINGS! MATTINGS! MATTINGS

from 12½ cents yard up.

Floor Oil Cloth and Oil Cloth Shades.

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS

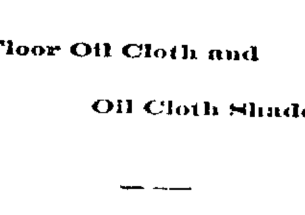
in great variety.

J. Wesley Wright,

Next Canal Bridge,

Mill St. Bristol, Pa.

TRUSSES.



OF VARIOUS PATTERNS AND OF ALL SIZES.

Prices as a rule much lower than city parties who make a specialty of Trusses.

DR. H. PURSELL,

S. W. CORNER MILL AND CEDAR STS

BRISTOL, PA.

Does it Make People Talk? Yes.

DOES IT PAY TO MAKE PEOPLE TALK? YES.

When we advertised such immense bargains in PIANOS AND ORGANS we knew that people must talk about it. Now we have SEVEN PIANOS, all good, some very slightly used, at very low figures. While we make a specialty of DECKER BRO.'S and HAINES BRO.'S PIANOS and MASON & HAMLIN and CARPENTER ORGANS, we can furnish any instrument at the very lowest figure. To prove this assertion we refer all to our many customers. We have a large assortment of fine STATIONERY, including some special lines of INKS, WRITING PAPERS, &c. Also a stock of FRENCH TISSUE PAPER, at

H. A. BRADFIELD'S,

NO. 33 MILL STREET, BRISTOL, PA.

1885. "SPRING CARD." 1885.

CARD.—We are now prepared to invite our customers and the public to inspect our offerings for the Spring Season of 1885, as perhaps every reader of this is already aware the dull times for some months past has given rare opportunity to secure Bargains, [illegible] can, and also to sell as cheap as we can," our customers will reap the advantage. Our stock of Dress Goods in their variety, Shawls, Skirts, Muslins, Linens, Tickings, Flannel, Underwear for Men, Women and Children, and indeed, our entire stock of needful Dry Goods and Staple Notions may be said to be at "Bargain Prices." When next in the City please call and inspect our offerings and oblige,

JOHN MOORE & CO.,

517 & 519 NORTH SECOND STREET, above Noble, Philadelphia.

A NEW ISSUE OF STOCK

OF THE

BRISTOL IMPROVEMENT CO.

Subscriptions to the capital stock of the BRISTOL IMPROVEMENT COMPANY will be received at the office of the Company in the Livingston Mill, Bristol, Pa., until further notice. The stock will be issued as of date of July 1st, 1885, and payments made before that time will be allowed a discount at the rate of six per cent. per annum.

HAROLD PEIRCE, Treasurer.

SHORTHAND Pamphlets mailed free Lingle's Compendium, $1. Lessons, by mail, $5. Lingle's College of Shorthand 1231 Chestnut St., Phila, Pa., J. M. LINGLE.

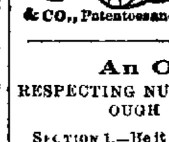
FOR SALE.

A PLOW PAPER CUTTER, for Printers use. In good condition Apply at the GAZETTE Office. JESSE O. THOMAS.

For Sale.

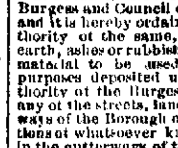
HOUSES of every size and description. Terms of payment very liberal.

JOSHUA PEIRCE



Bibles at 1-2 and Old Testaments at less than 1-3 the prices of the English editions, and equal to the English in type, paper, printing and accuracy. *First agent sent out reports an order of every call for two weeks.* Rare chance for agents to make money. Send $1.00 for outfit. TERMS VERY LIBERAL. *The Henry Bill Pub Co., Norwich, Conn.*

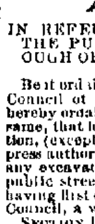
EVERY ONE Who Owns a WAGON Wants A EUREKA FOLDING CANOPY TOP. Folds up like an umbrella. Weighs less than 12 lbs. Can be taken off or put on in 3 minutes. Made in sizes to fit business wagons, pleasure wagons and buggies. Send for illustrated circular and price list. Agents wanted everywhere. State where you saw this. D. G. BEERS & CO., Patentees and Manuf'rs, Sandy Hook, Conn.



SUMMER PLEASURES AND PLANS may be interfered with unless you have a bottle of Dr. Hurt's Extract Blackberry and Ginger to prevent and cure attacks of Colic, Diarrhe, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum or Summer Complaint (*so fatal to young children*), and all diseases of the stomach and bowels. A few drops in a glass of water makes a stimulating tonic drink, acting as a preventative to Cholera, as many will testify. Travelers should never be without it. At druggists, 25 & 50 cents. Send to WM SPENCER & CO., 13th & Market Sts, Phila Pa., for pamphlets and cards.

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from the first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure At once address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

THE BLATCHLEY PUMP! THE BEST



BLATCHLEY'S TRIPLE ENAMEL PORCELAIN-LINED OR SEAMLESS TUBE COPPER-LINED PUMP

Do not be argued into buying inferior goods when you can get THE BEST for the same money

C. C. BLATCHLEY, MANUFACTURER,

308 MARKET ST., Philadelphia.

☞ For sale by the best houses in the trade. ☜

An Ordinance

RESPECTING NUISANCES IN THE BOROUGH OF BRISTOL.

SECTION 1.—Be it ordained and enacted by the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol, and it is hereby ordained and enacted by the authority of the same, That hereafter all dirt, earth, ashes or rubbish of whatsoever kind (except material to be used forthwith for building purposes deposited under permit issued by authority of the Burgess and Council), placed in any of the streets, lanes, or alleys used as highways of the Borough of Bristol, or any obstructions of whatsoever kind, which may be placed in the gutterways of the same, or any offal, garbage, or offensive matter of any kind deposited on any lot, whether open or enclosed, or in the yard of any house, in the Borough of Bristol, is hereby declared to be a nuisance and the owner or occupier of lots in front of, around, or upon which any such nuisance may be suffered to remain for a longer time than twenty-four hours shall forfeit and pay the sum of one dollar for a neglect to remove the same within the aforementioned time and thereafter upon notice given by the Committee on Sanitary and Nuisance or the High Constable and said owner or occupier continuing to neglect such removal, then they or either of them shall forfeit and pay the sum of two dollars for every day such nuisance shall remain for a longer time than the aforementioned twenty-four hours.

SECTION 2.—All fines and penalties made payable by this ordinance shall be recovered before the Burgess or any Justice of the Peace in the same manner that debts not exceeding one hundred dollars are now by law recoverable, and when so recovered, shall be forthwith paid to the Treasurer of the Borough of Bristol for the use of the corporation.

SECTION 3.—That it shall be the duty of the High Constable to see that the provisions of this ordinance are strictly carried out and enforced.

Enacted into an ordinance at the Council Chamber of the Borough of Bristol this 25th day of May, A. D. 1885.

WILLIAM H. GRUNDY, Burgess.

Attest:—J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk.

An Ordinance

IN REFERENCE TO EXCAVATIONS IN THE PUBLIC STREETS OF THE BOROUGH OF BRISTOL.

Be it ordained and enacted by the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol, and it is hereby ordained and enacted by authority of the same, that hereafter no person, firm or corporation, (except such corporations as by law have express authority) shall make, or cause to be made, any excavation or excavations whatever in the public streets of the Borough of Bristol, without having first obtained from the Clerk of the Town Council, a written permit for the same.

SECTION II. That whenever any excavations shall have been made in the said public streets, under the authority of the permit to be issued by the Clerk of the Town Council, as aforesaid, or by any corporation under the authority of any statute, all such excavations shall be thoroughly puddled, and the street or streets left in the same order and condition as before such excavations were made.

SECTION III. That during the time any excavation is being made, as aforesaid, the street or streets shall be as little obstructed as possible, and at night proper guards, with lights attached, shall be erected to protect public travel against any danger from such excavation.

SECTION IV. That hereafter no excavations in any public street shall be made by any corporation for the purpose of laying gas or water mains or pipes, where such mains or pipes have not heretofore been laid, between the First day of December in any year and the First day of March following.

SECTION V. Any person, firm or corporation violating any of the provisions of this ordinance shall for every such offense forfeit and pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars, to be recovered before the Burgess, or any Justice of the Peace, in the same manner that debts not exceeding one hundred dollars, are, by law recoverable, and when so recovered, shall be forthwith paid to the Treasurer of the said Borough for the use of the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol.

Enacted into an ordinance at the Council Chamber of the Borough of Bristol, this 11th day of May, A. D., 1885.

WILLIAM H. GRUNDY,
Burgess.

Attest—J. WESLEY WRIGHT,
Clerk of Town Council.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

TEACHERS Make $70 to $150 per month selling our Standard Books and Bibles; Steady work for Spring and Summer. Address J. C. McCurdy & Co., Phila.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second-class matter

PUBLISHER'S BULLETIN

[illegible]

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

[illegible] Arrives 7 00 and 11 15 A. M., and ... 7 00 and 11 15 A. M., 4 00 and ... P. M.

... Arrives 7 00 and 8 15 A. M. ... 7 30 P. M. Closes 5 15 and ... 30 and 5 30 P. M.

... NEWTOWN, &c.—Arrives 11 30 A. M. ...

OXFORD VALLEY, FALLSINGTON AND EDDIE ... Arrives 11 30 A. M. Closes 11 30 A. M.

... TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY AND MORRISVILLE—Arrives 4 00 P. M. Closes 8 00 A. M.

... Arrives 10 00 A. M. and 4 00 and 7 00 P. M. Closes 8 00 A. M., and 4 00 and ... P. M. ... Arrives 10 00 A. M.

Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Fast direct mail for New York City closes at ...

Post Office closes at 8 P. M. Saturday night at ... P. M. W. B. BAKER, P. M.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

For Philadelphia.

BROAD STREET STATION.—2 42, 5 35, 6 30, 6 51, 7 21, 7 50, 8.11, 8.23, 9 46, 10 58 A. M., 12 15, 1 35, 2 05, 3 21, 4:11, 5.43, 6.39, 7 06, 9.38, 11 20 P. M. Sundays—8 11 9 00 A. M., 12 25, 5 34, 6.08, 7.15, 9 28 P. M.

From Philadelphia.

BROAD STREET STATION.—12 01, 6 06, 6 50, 7 31, 8 20, 10 01, 11 15 A. M., 12 01, 2 00, 3 24, 4 30, 5 00, 5 25, 6 00, 6 02, 6 35, 7 16, 9 16, 10 16, 11.15 P. M. Sundays—12.01, 7 40, 8 30, 8 16 A. M., 2 06, 6.00 and 6.30 P. M.

For Trenton

12 11, 1 05, 7 28, 8 30, 9 16, 11 00, 11 56 A.M., 12.54, 2 01, 4 14, 5 24, 5 36, 6 29, 6 42, 7.00, 7.09, 7 30, 10.01, 11.11 P. M. Sundays.—9 16, 9 49 A.M., 2 05, 7 09 P.M.;

From Trenton

2,32, 6,30, 7 00, 7.58, 8 00, 9 25, 10.41, 11.55 A. M., 1 18, 2 49, 3.00, 3 50, 5 25, 6.26, 6 52, 7 40, 9 18, P.M. Sundays—2 22 A. M., 12 01, 6.00, 6 51, 9 05, 11 00 P. M.

For New York

1 05, 7 26, 9 16, 11 56 A. M., 5 36, 6 42, 7 09, 10 01 P. M. Sundays—1 05, 9 16 A.M., 7 09, P. M.

From New York.

6 20, 8 30, 11 10 A. M., 1 00, 4.40, 5 00, 7 00, 12 00 night. Sundays—10.00 A. M., 4 00, 7.00 P. M.

SOCIETIES.

Hermione Lodge, 109, K. of P. Washington Hall. Friday evenings.

Hopkins Lodge, 87, I. O. O. F. Washington Hall. Wednesday evenings.

Fidelity Council, 21, Jr. O. U. A. M. Mohican Hall. Thursday evenings.

Mohican Tribe, Imp. O. M. Mohican Hall, Monday evenings.

H. Clay Beatty Post, 73, G. A. R. Mohican Hall. Every other Tuesday evening.

Bristol ... 103, A. U. K. M. C. Mohican Hall. Friday evenings.

Bristol Lodge, 25, A. Y. M. Masonic Hall. Saturday evenings on or before full moon.

Bristol Division, 107, Sons of Temperance. Cohen's Hall. Tuesday evenings.

Martha Washington Chamber, No. 2, O. K. F. Washington Hall. Thursday evenings.

H. Clay Beatty League, No. 20, L. L. L. Mohican Hall. Every other Wednesday evening.

STEAMBOAT TIME TABLE.

COLUMBIA.—For Philadelphia, 7 00 A. M. and 4 00 P. M.
From Philadelphia, 2 and 6 P. M.

TWILIGHT.—For Philadelphia, 9.30 A. M. and 5 P. M.
From Philadelphia, 7 A. M. and 3 P. M.

SILVER STAR. For Philadelphia, 8 00 A. M.
From Philadelphia, 2.30 P. M.
For Bordentown, 4 30 P. M.

—Council meets next Monday night.

—C. N. Tyler has purchased Joseph N. Tomlinson's property on Otter street for $1600.

—Edward Baker has sold to Ann Stocks a frame dwelling on Mulberry street for $1050.

—John T. Thorn has purchased Allen Garwood's property, corner of Dorrance and Wood streets for $1600.

—The new school board meets to-night and will organize by electing president, secretary and treasurer. A collector in the stead of C. S. Bailey, Esq. may also be chosen at this meeting.

—A runaway team on Tuesday afternoon went up Mill street at a rapid gait. When Fine's hotel was reached they took to the sidewalk, and knocked a post of the front porch out of perpendicular.

—There were about 800 people at the rink last evening. Miss Minnie Douglass, a miss of seven, gave an exhibition of fancy skating that has not been surpassed by anything in that line in Bristol.

—There were a dozen sealed proposals for the erection of the Leedom Carpet factory opened by the Board of Directors of the Bristol Improvement Company at their meeting yesterday afternoon. Bids were received from Philadelphia, Trenton and Bristol builders. The award has not yet been made.

—The rink will be open on Saturday day and evening. In the evening Prof. J. W. Atkinson, who is said to be one of the finest professional skaters in the country, will execute the most difficult movements in roller skating. He will also give an impersonation of a genuine English Cockney in manner and costume.

—The annual congregational meeting of the Bristol Presbyterian Church was held last Monday evening. The following named persons were elected trustees for the ensuing year: James M. Slack, Charles W. Peirce, Dr. H. Pursell, Alexander Ralph, Dr. E. J. Groom, Charles E. Scheide and Harold Peirce. It was voted to continue the collection of money for church purposes by the envelope system.

—George L. Horn's handsome new meat wagon was taken down Radcliffe street yesterday morning at a lively rate by a runaway horse attached. Two men were inside trying to stop the animal but their united efforts were in vain. In front of Tabram's store the horse tried to get on the sidewalk, but was prevented by a large cooking stove and an awning post that stood in the way. The wagon was overturned and the front bows broken but no serious damage was done and no one was hurt.

ON A TOUR.

The Bristol Bicycle Club was represented by six members at the meet of the New Jersey wheelmen of Newark, on Saturday. Messrs Pray, Tredick, Shoemaker, Cone, Scott and Scheisser left Bristol at 7.28, and on arriving at Newark, proceeded to the meet under the captaincy of Mr. G Schiesser. One hundred and fifty bicycles were in line, comprising clubs from New York and New Jersey; the only representatives from Pennsylvania being the Bristol Club. The parade was formed in the square at Newark by Capt. Williamson, of the N. J. W. Upon moving out Broad street, they were reviewed by the Mayor and Council and proceeded on a tour through "The Oranges," a country noted for its lovely scenery and good roads.

The wheelmen were refreshed by a substantial lunch at a farm house, and after riding on Orange mountain they again sought the valley and partook of an elaborate dinner at the Orange Hotel. Thousands of spectators thronged the streets and roads to witness the novel sight. The various colored uniforms added novelty to the scene, the New Jersey wheelmen being in gray; the Hudson County wheelmen in blue gray; the Rutherford wheelmen in dark green, and a host of browns, blues, and other attractive colors. The guests each received a souvenir from their hosts, and the Bristol boys were well pleased with their trip. They report that the roads around Newark and Orange are not to be surpassed for bicycle riding, and feel a pardonable pride in the fact that beyond a collision with an old gentleman in Newark, who was much incensed thereby, a broken handle bar and a pair of torn knickerbockers, no accident befell their club.

They speak warmly of the kindness experienced at the hands of their hosts and say that they hope at no distant day to be able to return the compliment by inviting them to a meet in the vicinity of Bristol.

—A good time is promised those who attend the rink to-morrow evening. The occasion is the benefit of the Washington cornet band. In addition to the skating there will be a Musical Entertainment by a quartette consisting of William Casey, William H. Wilson, Morris Keating and Patrick Keating, and comic songs by Charles Tilley. A gold medal will be presented to Mr. Wilson, whose proficiency as a whistler is second to none. The Entertainment will close with a game of Polo between the Bristol team and one from Frankford.

—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Bristol Water Company was held in the Engine House Hall on last Thursday evening, 937 shares being represented. The Treasurer's report showed the income for the year to be $7,180.95 and the expenditures, including dividend and 132.02 carried to construction account, $6,949.49. There were pumped during the year 100,537,179 gallons of water. At the election of a Board of Directors Anthony Swain, L. A. Hoguet, G. M. Dorrance, Ellwood Doron, Jesse B. Mears, Elwood T. Heston and Samuel K. Stackhouse were chosen.

—The Rev. H. Barney, who is to deliver a lecture on temperance at the rink on Sunday next, at 3.30 o'clock, is said to be a very eloquent speaker. He has been engaged to speak by the "Bucks County Temperance Alliance" at several prominent places in their district of labor, and has already addressed several meetings with good results.

—The Entertainment at the Buckley street hall for the benefit of the Mission School Library, was largely attended and much enjoyed. The net proceeds were over seventy dollars.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shaffer, of Lockport, N. Y., are visiting Mrs. Shaffer's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Hellings.

—On Saturday William Tolen will open a meat market in Ellwood Doron's building, opposite the Post office.

—The full count of dogs, reveals the fact that 275 of Bristol's canines are each liable to a $1 00 tax.

—Mrs. Bladen, of Hanley, Staffordshire, England, arrived in Bristol on Monday, on a visit to her son, William V. Leech.

—The price of milk to Bristol consumers has been reduced to 6 cents cents a quart.

—Lemuel Jarvis is remodelling his residence on Radcliffe street.

☞Go to Louderbough's and get one of his Henry Clay 3 cent cigars, the best in town. No. 57 Mill street is the place.

☞The fact that so many train hands, boatmen and oter persons who are frequently in Philadelphia, will persist in buying their clothing, hats, shoes and everything in men's wear at Wood's Cash Store, 60 Mill street, Bristol, is proof positive that goods of the highest merit are sold cheaper at this busy place than the closest Philadelphia prices. (By the way, honest bargains in ladies and children's shoes.) The stock of men and boy's goods is the largest ever in Bristol. Fresh from manufacturer's and sheriff's sales. Prices uncommonly low. Goods exchanged and satisfaction guaranteed in every respect.

SANITARY SUGGESTIONS.

EDITOR GAZETTE—I have read with great pleasure the proposed ordinance regulating the construction of privy vaults in the town. The fact of its publication seems to invite discussion, and I trust I will not be supposed to meddle with Council's affairs, if I take the liberty of making one or two suggestions upon such points as seem to me to be deficient in this ordinance.

1. Instead of providing that the vault shall be of no greater depth than one and a half feet *below the surface of the ground*, it would be preferable to enact that the vault shall be of no greater depth than one and a half feet, and *with the top of such height above the ground*, that no rain or waste water can flow in it.

Very many of our properties are so graded that the back part of the yard, where the out-house is always placed, is the lowest point, and therefore a vault eighteen inches below the surface of the ground, at the point where it will be constructed, will be simply a drainage pit and thus defeat the very purpose of the ordinance.

2. The provision that the vault shall be built of brick sides a bottom, laid in cement, I will suggest, should be changed to at least allow if not prescribe, a flag-stone bottom, and to provide that the bricks should not only be laid in cement, but that the entire interior of the vault should be well coated with cement. A flag bottom would be less liable to crack from the heaving action of frost, than a brick one, simply because the fewer the pieces of which the bottom is composed the fewer the joints and weak spots are. A cement coating over bricks is absolutely necessary to prevent the absorption of liquid by them. The porous character of bricks is too well known to need discussion.

3. The size of the vault is put at "not less than three feet square in the clear." The capacity of this vault, deducting the three inch clear space provided for, would be 3⅜ cubic feet. I would suggest that this capacity be assured and a little lee way given for shape, by providing, instead of the above, that the "surface of the bottom of the vault shall be not less than three square feet in the clear." There is a difference between three feet square and three square feet. Three feet square and fifteen inches deep, gives a capacity of 3⅜ cubic feet, but the shape must be *square*, while 3 square feet of surface for the bottom, and fifteen inches deep give the same capacity but allows the vault to be of any *shape*. I should prefer to use the circular shape upon my own properties because it will be stronger, to resist the disturbance by frost, and less liable to be damaged in cleaning. Square holes are more difficult to clear than round ones, and the shovel will chip off the cement in the corners of a square hole while there are no corners in a round one.

4. It is provided that there shall be a projection of at least eighteen inches beyond the *rear* wall of the privy. I would suggest that his projection be allowed beyond *any* side of the privy. I know of one or two cases where it would be more convenient to have it *in front* than any where else, and it will frequently be better at the side than at the rear.

5. It is provided that the deposit shall be sprinkled with dry earth or ashes. I believe it would be better to strike out the dry earth, and allow nothing but *sifted* ashes to be used. The object of the sprinkling is to absorb the moisture. In order to be a good absorbent the earth must contain a certain proportion of clay, or organic matter, or oxide of iron; sand and gravel are worthless for this purpose.

Mr. Waring states that he is of the opinion that almost any earth upon which crops may be raised will contain enough organic matter to make it a sufficiently good absorbent, but our people will not be particular about this, if allowed to use earth they will take that which is easiest to get, and especially about new buildings they will be more than likely to get that which contains very little organic matter, while there is small chance of many getting a clayey earth and no chance at all here for that containing oxide of iron. Almost any substance however, will absorb moisture if it be very powdery, and there is nothing so powdery as sifted ashes, and at the same time so easy to get. Besides this, *dryness* is absolutely essential for the sprinkling substance; earth of any kind, if used must first be dried. Here again ashes stand at the head of the line since it is only necessary to keep them dry.

The only objection I have to offer to this ordinance as a whole, is that it does not go far enough. The first requisite of any of the several methods of dealing with this matter is that regular and intelligent attention shall be given to it. No system of waste disposal can be left to the slip shod attention of a community at large. Enactment of laws does not insure the observance of those laws. The only way to have the ordinance enforced is for Council to take charge of the whole matter and make contracts with individuals for cleaning all the vaults at certain intervals of time. If the contractor fails to do his duty, in any case, the person affected will reports him, while if any person throws improper material into the vaults, the contractor in turn will report him.

Mr. Waring gives some information in regard to the town of Hull, England, where very much the same system as that now proposed for Bristol is in vogue, which is not out of place here. The districts into which Hull is divided for this purpose, contain from 300 to 700 houses each. The contractors are obliged to remove at least *once a week* all night soil and *all refuse of every description* from each of the premises in their respective districts, except large factories. They get the material and in addition to this the town pays them from two to three shillings per annum for each property. This is a small sum and I have no doubt that the property owners of Bristol would be quite willing to pay even more than this to have the work frequently and thoroughly done. As it is, we pay from fifty cents to three dollars to the night soil collectors and often three times as much more to have the damage they do, repaired.

No doubt this measure will meet with opposition simply because it is a new thing here, and beside there are a number of people in the town of neat and orderly habits, who take pains to have all such matters attended to about their own premises and who really do keep their properties *apparently* clean in this respect (few of them realize how filth-soaked the earth of their gardens is, or may become) and these people honestly see no reason for a change. But where there is one such, there are ten others, who are *not* careful, it is not worth while though to enlarge upon this, any one who will look into the matter can be convinced. I am in favor of this ordinance, not simply because it is in itself a good thing, but because it is a positive necessity that something should be done in the matter. Handling as I do a large number of properties for other people, I am accustomed to hearing all sorts of complaints about property and are perfectly familiar with the thousand and one things that constantly need to be done, and among them all there is nothing that more frequently needs attention than first this matter, except only the disposal of the ordinary liquid house waste. These two things stand alone in their glory of being the only things that under present conditions it is impossible to remedy.

It is only fair to give people a chance to be neat and to live decently. They will quickly take advantage of it. Netten Radcliffe in a report upon this subject in Manchester, England, says: "It is found that a class of the population commonly believed to be unmanageable in regard to any niceties of arrangement for excrement disposal, have rapidly appreciated the advantages of the new closet and taken to the use of the cinder-sifter. In other words, it has been found that habits of decency and order in the particular matters referred to, have been largely developed with the opportunities for such decency and order."

A. WEIR GILKESON.

☞If you want a good smoker go to Louderbough, No. 57 Mill street, and get one of his Royal Eagle Key West cigars, the best 5 cent cigar in Bristol.

☞The circus has been in Bristol and gone but the Royal Eagle at Louderbough's has come to stay. It is the leading five cent cigar in town.

☞Backache, stitches in the side, inflation and soreness of the bowls, are symptoms of a disordered state of the digestive and assimilative organs, which can be promptly and thoroughly corrected by the use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. As dinner pills, and as aids to digestion, they have no equal. They cure constipation.

☞The Secret Art of Beauty lies only in pure blood and a healthy performance of the vital functions, to be obtained by using Burdock Blood Bitters.

☞Straw hats for men and boys at Johnson Brothers' clothing store.

☞At Goforth's, 66 Mill street, can be found pure teas, coffees, spices, &c

☞Boys' seersucker waists at Johnson Brothers' clothing store, corner of Wood and Mill streets.

☞The latest thing in neckwear at Johnson Brothers' clothing store, corner of Wood and Mill streets.

☞Shirts, collars, cuffs, handkerchiefs, gloves, &c., at Johnson Brothers' clothing store, corner of Wood and Mill streets.

☞For pure teas, coffees, and spices go to Goforth's, 66 Mill street.

☞George L. Horn, at the corner of Wood and Mill streets, keeps a rst cl ass meat market. Go and see.

☞BETTER THAN SHE EXPECTED.—"Your letter received. In reply I am happy to say that Parker's Hair Balsam did much more for me than you said it would, or than I expected. My hair has not only stopped falling out, but the bald spots are all covered, and all my hair has grown thicker, softer and more lively than it was before my sickness a year a year ago. Thank you again and again and again." Extract from letters of Mr. R. W. T., West Fifty-third street, New York.

—Retail wall paper dealers in the cities of New Pork, Brooklyn, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis report trade in their line better than last year.

England's Armed Forces.

Fortresses are of little use—indeed, of no use, unless there are troops of sufficient numerical strength to hold them. Unfortunately, the British Army, although much improved of late years, and although it now possesses a reserve which formerly was non-existent, is not numerically strong enough for the duties required of it, especially when, as at the present time, over 20,000 men are locked up in the Valley of the Nile and 24,000 in Ireland.

The army in England and Scotland at the present time consists of about 59,000 regular troops not under orders for foreign service; of 24,000 regular troops in Ireland, who can hardly be removed from that island; of 24,000 in foreign stations, (exclusive of Egypt, the Soudan, and India;) of 22,000 in Egypt and the Soudan, or under orders, (of these 15,000 are already there and 7,000 on the way;) 60,000 in India, and two West Indian regiments of negroes, numbering about 1,700 of all ranks. There are also about 34,500 in the first class reserve, 7,000 in other reserves, and a militia reserve of 26,000.

In case of a complication, no troops could be called out except those in England and Scotland and the reserve—a total of 126,500. From this total, however, must be deducted all sick men and recruits—about 25,000—leaving only 101,500 available for the greatest emergency. With regard to the militia, its establishment is 142,000, but the actual strength is about 107,000. Of these, 26,000 belong to the militia reserve, already counted in the regular army; absentees and deserters number 11,000; recruits, 18,000; so that only 52,000 is the total force of militia that can be depended upon in case of war. Thus only 153,500 men can be brought together.

Of these, garrisons abroad will require 40,000 to fill them up; the arsenals and military ports, 18,000 regulars, even supposing that volunteers form the chief part of their defense, in addition to 28,000 pensioners and 30,000 militia; the commercial ports would require, in addition to the volunteers, 4,000 regulars and 8,000 militia. These, taken altogether, number 128,000. Taking that number from 153,000, there remains only 25,500 for the movable army, a force totally inadequate to take the field with any prospect of success against an invading force—which would not certainly be less than 120,000 men—or with which to conduct any offensive expedition into an enemy's country.—*Fortnightly Review.*

A Very Small Lion

In Africa, deep pits are often made by human hunters to capture game, and among the insects we find the ant-lion *(Myrmeleon)* adopting a similar ruse. Its eggs are laid in sandy places, and when the young ant-lions appear they have no wings, and are flat little creatures with immense jaws. As soon as born, the curious larvæ proceed to work. Each young ant-lion selects a soft place in the sand, and by turning itself around and around, it traces an exterior circle; and by continuing the spiral motion, and gradually retreating to the center, it marks out and forms a cavity having spirals like those of a snail shell. Next, these are smoothed down by an ingenious process. If a pebble rolls in, or is found in the slope, the ant-lion places it upon its head, and with a sudden jerk sends it far out of the pit. But sometimes pebbles are found that are too heavy to be thrown out in this way, and then another plan is adopted. The pebble is carefully rolled upon the flat back of the ant-lion, which starts up the incline with its tail high in the air, so that the load is kept upon a level, and finally deposited upon the outside. If the pebble is round, many attempts have to be made. The pit completed is seen to be a circular or conical depression, at the bottom of which the wily hunter conceals itself, only its jaws and many eyes being visible; and here it awaits its prey, that sooner or later comes tumbling in. Ants that happen to be off on a foraging journey are the most frequent victims. The ant comes running along rapidly, and is over the edge of the pit before he knows it, the treacherous sand giving way and precipitating him down toward the concealed lion. A moment more and two (to him) enormous jaws open, and the ant quickly disappears from sight forever. Sometimes, instead of tumbling down into the pit, the ant obtains a foothold and almost escapes; but in such a case the ant-lion throws aside all concealment, rushes out, and shovels sand upon its struggling victim, and by successive jerks bombards it with such a fusillade of sand that, beaten and confused, it rolls down into the open jaws of the cruel hunter. For two years the ant-lion carries on its predatory warfare, gradually growing larger and enlarging its pit, until finally it is ready to change into a chrysalis. It then envelops itself in a round ball of sand, cemented together by fine silken cords. In this cocoon it lives for about three weeks, when it emerges a perfect four-winged insect resembling the dragon-fly.—*C. F. Holder, in St. Nicholas for May.*

A Concord, N. H., merchant took in a lot of old-fashioned copper cents one day recently, and afterward looked over an old price list and found they were worth about 40 cents each on the average.

BRISTOL CEMETERY.

Lots 9 by 15 feet, as low as $27 each;
Lots sold on instalment.
A suitable place is reserved for single interments. WALTER R. JOHNSON, President, Hulmeville, Pa
H PURSELL, Secretary,
S. W. corner Mill and Cedar Sts, Bristol, Pa

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR RENT.

A Four-roomed house on Radcliffe street, next to the Catholic Church
Apply on the premises.

NOTICE.

The Annual Meeting and Election of the Mutual Live Stock Insurance Company of Philadelphia and Bucks counties will be held at the Seven Stars Hotel, Frankford, on Monday, June 15th, 1885, at 2 o'clock, P. M.
LESTER COMLY, Secretary

AN UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY
TO LEARN THE
LIFE INSURANCE
Business, and be qualified as successful Agents. Persons of intelligence and address are invited to apply (giving reference) to S. W. M.,
Lock Box 1542, Philadelphia Post Office.

HEISS' LADIES' & GENTS
NEW RESTAURANT
AND
ICE CREAM PARLORS,
134 SOUTH EIGHTH STREET,
(FIVE DOORS ABOVE WALNUT, west side) PHILA.
Second Story Exclusively for Ladies.
Where you can get as good a meal as at any first-class Hotel for.......... 25c.
½ doz. Fried Oysters, with Tea or Coffee....15c.
Stewed, Panned, Steamed or Deviled Oysters.......15 & 25c
Raw.......10 & 15c
Clam Chowder....15c. | Fried Clams......15c.
Stewed Snapper. 25c. | Snapper Soup......15c.
Baked Clams (Coney Island Style).......25c.
Deviled Crabs.......15c.
Chicken Salad.......25c.
Ice Cream and Water Ices, all Flavors, with Cake.......10c.
Soda, Acid Phosphate, Lime Juice, Bowers' Mead, with Cake.......5c.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AMPUTATION OF THE LEG.

Money is the universal necessity, and none but a cynic or a fool will affect to despise it. Mr. Abram Ellsworth, of Port Ewen, Ulster Co., N. Y., had realized this truth. His disease involved the whole of his thigh-bone, and the suffering man looked forward, not without apparent reason, to death as his only deliver. The family physician refused to amputate the limb, asserting that the operation would kill the patient on the spot. Dr DAVID KENNEDY, of Rondout, N. Y., who was consulted, held a different opinion and amputated the limb. The Doctor then administered freely his great Blood Specific FAVORITE REMEDY to afford tone and strength to the system and prevent the return of the disease, and Mr. Ellsworth remains to this day in the bloom of health. This gentleman's disease was the offspring of foul blood, and Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY purified the blood and restored to him the power once more to enjoy his life. Are you suffering from any disease traceable to the same cause? Try Favorite Remedy. Your druggist has it. ONE DOLLAR a bottle. Bear in mind the proprietor's name and address Dr. DAVID KENNEDY, Rondout, N. Y.

To Keep the Blood Pure is the principal end of inventions and discoveries in medicine. To this object probably no one has contributed more signally than Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., in the production of a medicine which has become famous under the title of the "Favorite Remedy." It removes all impurities of the Blood, regulates the disordered Liver and Kidneys, cures Constipation, Dyspepsia and all diseases and weaknesses peculiar to females.

STEAMBOAT SILVER STAR.

Leaves Mill street wharf, Bristol, at 8 o'clock A. M. Returning, leaves Arch street wharf, Philadelphia, at 2.30 o'clock P. M.
Fare, 25 cents. Excursion tickets, 40 cents.

Trips Resumed.
STEAMBOAT
COLUMBIA,
Will leave Bristol for Philadelphia, at 7.00 A. M. and 4 P. M., touching at Burlington, Beverly, Riverton, Torresdale and Andalusia. Returning, leave Philadelphia at 2 and 6 P. M. Sunday, at 8.15 A. M. and 4 P. M. Fare, 25c. each way. Excursion, 40c.

STEAMBOAT
TWILIGHT.
The Steamer Twilight will leave Chestnut street wharf, Philadelphia, at 7 A. M. and 3 P. M. for Beverly, Burlington and Bristol, touching at Riverton, Torresdale, and Andalusia. Returning, leave Bristol at 9.30 A. M. and 5 P. M. Sunday Excursions—leave Philadelphia at 8 30 A. M., 2.30 P. M., and Bristol at 10 30 A. M., and 5 P. M., Torresdale omitted. Excursion, 40 cts. Freight taken at low rates

Trips Resumed to Trenton.
THE STEAMER
EDWIN FORREST
Will leave Arch street wharf, Philadelphia, touching at Tacony, Torresdale, Beverly, Burlington, Bristol, Florence, Penn's Manor, White Hill and Trenton.

Leaves Arch St. wharf.			Leaves South Trenton.		
Friday,	5,	6.15 A.M	Friday,	5,	10.15 A.M
Saturday,	6,	7.00 A.M	Saturday,	6,	11 00 A.M
Monday	8,	8 30 A.M	Monday,	8,	12 30 P.M
Tuesday,	9,	9.30 A.M	Tuesday,	9,	1.30 P.M
Wedn'day,	10,	10.00 A.M	Wed'day,	10,	2.00 P.M
Thursday,	11,	10.00 A.M	Thur'day,	11,	2.00 P.M

Leaves Bristol about one hour and a half after leaving Philadelphia or Trenton.
Fare, Philadelphia to Trenton 40 cts. Excursion 50 cts.
All other places, 25 cts Excursion, 40 cts.

G. F. Stone & Co.,
NO. 67 MILL STREET,
BRISTOL, PA.
PLUMBING,
STEAM, & GAS PIPE FITTING.
ALSO DEALERS IN
GAS FIXTURES, LIFT AND FORCE PUMPS, GARDEN HOSE PIPES AND HOSE, SPRINKLERS, HOSE REELS, GLASS GLOBE SHADES, BATH TUBS AND CIRCULATING BOILERS.
GENUINE CUCUMBER
WOOD PUMPS,
With patent close Bracket and Frost Slide.
(Show in cut below)



We have been trying for a long time to get a Wood Pump to please every one; we have at last found one that makes a perfect Pump in every respect, and well worthy of your consideration. To those who have not tried our Pumps, we solicit a trial, feeling confident of giving entire satisfaction.

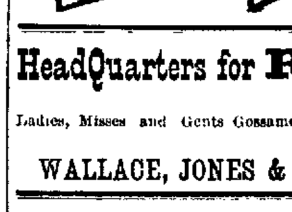
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SATURDAY NIGHT
AT THE
RINK!
Prof. J. W. ATKINSON,
ONE OF THE
FINEST PROFESSIONAL SKATERS IN THE COUNTRY,
WILL GIVE
ADOLPHUS FITZPOODLE'S
First Appearance on Rollers,
Being a very comical Burlesque of a genuine English Cockney.
OPEN DAY AND EVENING.
Admission, - - 15 cts.

McCRACKEN, STARK & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
ART FURNITURE,
No. 238 South Second Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, MATTINGS, &c.
NEW STYLES. LOWEST PRICES.
BODY BRUSSELS, $1.00, $1.15, $1 25.
TAPESTRY BRUSSELS, 60c., 65c., 75c., 85c., 90c.
INGRAINS, 35c., 40c., 50c., 60c., 65c., 75c.
PHILIP DOERR & SONS.,
NO. 29 NORTH SECOND STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
(Opposite Christ Church.)

BARGAINS.



Parlor Suits! Chamber Suits!
Having a Large Stock, we have Reduced Prices to make them go off fast. Reliable goods for very little cash.
IVINS & BRO.,
52 & 54 N. Second Street, below Arch,
PHILADELPHIA.

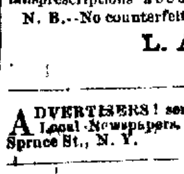
HeadQuarters for RUBBER GOODS.
Ladies, Misses and Gents Gossamer Waterproofs, Boots, Shoes, Toys and Rubber Sundries
WALLACE, JONES & CO., 827 Market Street, Philadelphia.

STOVES AND TINWARE.
T. B. DOUGLASS,
No. 61 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.,
Has always on hand a large stock of first-class Stoves and Tinware.
Parlor Stoves, Double Heaters, Cook Stoves, Ranges, Portable Heaters, High Art Stoves, and Embossed Stove Boards, and Bread Boxes, Tin Pitchers, Paper Wash Basins, Galvanized Waiters, Argot Ware, Knives, Forks and Spoons.
Metaline Brilliant,
the best article in the world for cleaning nickel, brass, silver, &c.
Wash Boilers, Japan-ware, Milk Pans and other articles in the tin line.
Polite attention. No trouble to show goods.
TIN ROOFING A SPECIALTY.
All orders by mail will receive promp attention.

UPHOLSTERING
AND GENERAL
FURNITURE REPAIR SHOP.
C. F. HERRMANN, Jr.,
No. 42 Mill St., next Telephone Office.
Furniture repaired.
Mattresses made and renovated
Carpets fitted, sewed and laid.
Shades hung and repaired.
Chairs reseated, &c., &c.
All work done in the best manner and warranted

BENJAMIN LANTELL,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
No. 54 Dorrance Street,
BRISTOL, PA.
☞Custom work and repairing promptly attended to. Prices to suit the times.

HOGUET'S
Pioneer Drug Store!
(ESTABLISHED IN 1844.)
The Oldest and Largest in Bucks County.
Nos. 13 & 15 Mill (Main) Street, Bristol, Pa.



Constantly on hand a large stock of first-class DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY, TOILET ARTICLES, Patent Medicines, Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Varnishes, Dye stuffs, and all kinds of Spices, ground and whole, bought from first hands for cash, and will be sold at low prices. Physicians prescriptions accurately compounded.
N. B.—No counterfeit goods kept for sale.
L. A. HOGUET,
Druggist and Chemist.

ADVERTISERS! send for our select List of Local Newspapers. Geo. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce St., N. Y.

SHERMAN & PEIRCE,
Successors to Joseph Sherman,
Manufacturers of
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS,
Fruit Boxes and Wooden Ware in general,
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Worthiness.

Whatever lacks Purpose is evil: a pool without pebbles breeds slime;
Not any one step hath Chance fashioned on the infinite stairway of Time:
Nor ever came Good without Labor, in Toil, or in Science or Art;
It must be wrought out thro' the muscles—born out of the soul and the heart.

Why plow in the stubble with plowshares?—Why winnow the chaff from the grain?
Ah, since all of His gifts must be toiled for, since Truth is not born without pain!
He giveth not to the unworthy, the weak, or the foolish in deeds:
Who giveth but chaff at the seed-time shall reap but a harvest of weeds.

As the pyramid builded of vapor is blown by His whirlwinds to naught,
So the song without Truth is forgotten: His poem to Man is Man's Thought.
Whatever is strong with a purpose, in humbleness woven, soul-pure,
Is known to the Master of Singers: He toucheth it, saying, "Endure!"

—Charles J. O'Malley, in The Current.

WHAT SHE SAID TO HIM.

It was at the close of a sultry day in the height of the London season, and She was sitting in her dressing-room, with her feet perched upon another chair in front of her, and her hair streaming over her white *robe-de-chambre*, enjoying herself in the most feminine manner in the world.

The closed venetians, through which came the scent of stocks and mignonette, blooming outside the open window, were just beginning to darken the room a little as a maid entered to present her mistress with a card. She took it and glanced at the superscription, changed color ever so slightly, and said between her teeth, "At last." Then She turned to the servant.

"Is this gentleman waiting?"

"Yes, ma'am! I said you were engaged, but he wouldn't take an answer, so I showed him into the drawing-room."

"Very good! Say I will be down directly. Raymond!" to her maid, "you must fasten up my hair, or stay; get out my dress, and I will do it myself."

"Without curling it again, ma'am?" in a tone of dismay.

"Yes! any way; what does it signify?"

She commenced hurriedly to twist the fair coils about her head, but made a mess of it.

"Oh! pardon me, ma'am, but that will never do," exclaimed the horrified Raymond as she took the task into her own hands. "You're not doing justice to yourself ma'am; and as for the gentleman, I'm sure I don't know what *he'd* think."

"It is of little matter!" She said, openly; and then She thought to herself, "is it possible that I can be such a fool as to permit my hands to tremble?"

"The heat of the day is too much for you, ma'am," remarked the abigail as she glanced inquisitively at the reflection of her mistress in the glass. "Dear me! how white you do look."

"Green venetians are not generally supposed to improve one's complexion. Raise the blinds, Raymond, and give me the dress I wore yesterday afternoon."

"The old black one, ma'am?"

"Yes! I must change directly for dinner."

"Your new blue silk would do nicely for both, and save you the trouble of dressing twice," suggested the lady's maid.

But she made no answer, unless it were conveyed by throwing the old black dress over her head and shoulders.

"Now for the cuffs and collar," cried the maid briskly, thinking her mistress must be in a hurry to be off. But she had sunk down into the chair again, as if no one were waiting her presence below.

"Will you wear them plain or embroidered, ma'am?"

"Anything that comes first, Raymond."

"Here's a lovely point lace tie, or perhaps the Valenciennes set with the ribbons will brighten you up a bit."

Still no answer came from where she sat, although when she had knotted the point lace carelessly about her throat, she dragged herself to her feet and went slowly down-stairs.

"I never knew a lady take so little care of her looks in my life before," remarked Raymond confidentially to the first listener she could procure. "She has gone down to meet that gentleman with her things thrown on her anyhow. Who is he, Jane? A stranger?"

"I never saw him before," said Jane.

"Well! you've been here over two years, so I suppose he must be! What's his name?"

"I didn't catch it. He mumbled so; but it's on the card."

They found the card cast carelessly upon the toilet table, and examined it with their heads close together.

"Lord Vincent Prendergast."

"A lord! Lor'?" exclaimed Raymond, "he must be a stranger, or we should have been sure to hear the name. And fancy her going to see him in that old black dress! I could cry to think of it. And after keeping him such a time too. Well, a person as can do that don't deserve to know lords; that's my opinion!"

Meanwhile she had descended the staircase, and stood outside the drawing-room door. Her face was very pale and still—only her eyes glowed with inward excitement—and her mouth, usually so mobile, bore a look of fixed determination, as though she knew her courage was about to be tried. She did not stand there long. One moment more, and the handle of the drawing-room door was turned sharply and energetically, and she stood in the presence of her visitor. He was a fine soldier-like man in appearance, standing with his back toward her, looking out of the window, and much disposed to chafe at his lengthened solitude. At the sound of her entrance, he turned and came forward to meet her, with a confident smile and outstretched hands.

"Marion!" he exclaimed, with a warmth which he evidently expected her to imitate. But she did not smile, nor quicken her pace to meet him, and the hand she placed in his was cold and pulseless.

"How do you do?" she said, in the most commonplace manner possible. And then she seated herself, and waited for him to open the conversation. He, looking disappointed and somewhat perplexed, stood for a moment as though uncertain what to do, then, following her example, took the chair opposite to her own.

"I suppose," he said presently, with a wistful glance, "that you heard of my return from Malta."

"I knew your regiment was ordered home. I did not know till your card was brought to me that it had arrived."

"That is because we only landed last Monday. Yours is the first house I have called at, Marion."

"Indeed!"

"Yes! You know, perhaps—you must have read in the papers—all that happened to me in Malta."

"Do you allude to the death of your wife?"

"Yes! poor Agnes! It happened eight months ago and more. I concluded you would see the announcement, or I should have sent you word."

"There was no need."

"She faded very slowly, poor thing! She was an excellent wife to me."

"A most excellent wife. You have every reason to regret her."

"And yet Marion, you must know—you must feel—what my life has been to me."

At that she raised her eyes, and looked him steadily in the face, although her lip trembled.

"How long is it since we parted, Lord Vincent?" she said.

"Ten years! ten lengthy miserable years."

"I regret to hear you say that. They have not been miserable years to me."

"Marion! you are cruel."

"No! I am only honest. I was never given to romancing."

"Which means that you do not believe me. You believed me once," he answered, frowning.

"To my cost—yes!"

There was a plaintive ring in her voice that emboldened him. He drew nearer and tried to take her hand.

"Oh! believe me still! When you heard that I was here, you must have known for what purpose. Marion! I am once more free, and I come to ask you to let me atone, if possible, for all your past unhappiness, and to crown my future life by becoming my wife."

"It is too late, Vincent," she answered, calmly.

"It is never too late for happiness. Let me make yours."

"It is not in your power."

"Not in my power! I, whom you loved so fondly, for whom you were ready to sacrifice the world?"

"Hush!" she said, grandly, as she rose from her seat and walked a little way from him. "You forget yourself, Lord Vincent. That was ten years ago."

"And can women forget so easily?" he replied with a sigh, "Is it possible that all my words, my looks, my actions, have passed from your memory, Marion?"

"Not a word, not an action." she said, sadly. "Could I forget more easily, I might forget more freely."

"What do you mean?"

"That I remember but too well each pledge you gave me of good faith, with the curse that followed your infidelity."

"Marion, do me justice! Do not call my voluntary relinquishment of your affection by so harsh a term. I renounced it for your sake, not my own."

"So you said, I know."

"Do you doubt it? What good could our ill-fated love have brought to you—a married woman?"

"You knew that I was married from the first."

"True, but I had not calculated on the effects of our intimacy. When I perceived it I did what I considered to be my duty."

"When my husband returned from the United States, you mean!"

"Do you think that, my eyes once opened, I would not have separated from you under any circumstances?"

"I do not; but I know that the circumstance that opened them was your own interest."

"You do me an injury," he said, somewhat angrily.

"I tell the truth," she answered boldly, "and the truth is this. You met me first when I was quite alone—a fact which should have rendered you more, rather than less, careful in the establishment of our friendship. I was not a girl. You were not a boy. You told me numberless times how dear I was becoming to you, and I entreated you to leave me before it was too late. But you swore that the possession of my friendship would be more to you than another woman's love."

"And so it was; it has been," he interrupted, eagerly.

"Please to hear me to the end. You know what my life was: that I had married a man I found it impossible to love, or even sympathize with; that his nature was mean and low and groveling, mine full of feeling and high aspiration, and yours very similar to mine—without the power of affection."

"Don't say that! You know I loved you."

"Vincent! you deceive yourself. You never loved me! The thing which you call love is a mere phantom—the reflection of the soul that loves you on your own selfish mind."

"You are bitter, madam."

"I must be candid. How many times during that term of intimacy did you tell me that you should never marry, but rest contented with my friendship to your life's end? I was foolish enough to believe you. I trusted your word as though it had been inspired; I laid my whole soul bare to you. You were my idol."

"You loved me, Marion! I am sure of it."

"Loved you! Love is no word for the feeling with which you inspired me. I thought you were a saint, a hero, sacrificing your own inclinations for my sake, and ready to devote a lifetime to my interests: and it was not love with which I repaid you; it was adoration. And then, when you had bound me completely to yourself, when you had made all the world a desert to me without your presence, you married, and you left me."

"What would you have had me to do?" he responded, eagerly. "You know how painful my position had become, and how the return of your husband interrupted the course of our friendship. There were but two alternatives for me to choose from—either to persuade you to leave your home with me and sink you in irreparable disgrace, or—to leave you! I chose the latter, and nearly killed myself by so doing. And now you blame me for a sacrifice that was made for you alone."

She curled her lip slightly as she replied—

"Was it? You did not seem much like dying to me when I met you afterward in the company of your fair wife."

"You would have condemned me to a monastic life for evermore, I suppose. Women are so cursedly unreasonable," he grumbled.

"I would have condemned you to nothing, Lord Vincent, nor would I blame you for anything now. You were free to follow the dictates of your own heart and I only remind you of those things in order to excuse the fact that a calm retrospection of your conduct to me has brought only contempt and pity in its train. Your behavior was too much like the behavior of numbers of your sex in the present day, who, so long as no suspicion is aroused nor scandal excited, will flirt and philander with a married woman until her happiness has slipped from her own keeping, and then, at the first note of danger, leave her to shift for herself, like a wounded bird unable to fly to covert, and trailing its broken wing along the ground in the eyes of the whole world."

"But when scandal is excited, is not a total separation the best way to put a stop to it?" he asked.

"No," she answered, firmly, "for few women are able to sustain the shock without betraying themselves, and many, from pique and the bitter sense that all is lost to them, rush into worse error, with a view of crushing out the feelings with which they are maddened."

"Did you?" he said, softly.

"I did not, Lord Vincent, but no thanks are due to yourself for my immunity from a very common lot. But I was fortunate in the possession of a friend—a true friend, who had loved me from a child, and who helped me by his counsel and his sympathy through the bitterest portion of my life."

"A man friend?" said Lord Vincent, jealously.

"Yes! a man friend," she replied; "I could not have confided such a secret to a woman. A woman would have betrayed me on the first opportunity to all her dearest friends. We are so weak and so untrustworthy, we women," she added, with a sigh.

"And the Fidus Achates, the gentleman who had the honor of consoling you for my desertion," said Lord Vincent, sarcastically, "is he still existent in this naughty world, or has he earned his crown of glory like poor Groves?"

But she did not heed his sarcasm. Her moment of triumph had arrived.

"He is my husband!" she replied, proudly.

Lord Vincent Prendergast sprung from his seat.

"Your husband!" he repeated. "Do you mean me to understand that you are married again?"

"I do mean you to understand it, and that I am as happy as it is possible for a woman to be in this world. My servant cannot have clearly heard the name by which you asked for me. I am the wife of General Hartington."

"Of Hartington! Of my old colonel! By George!" exclaimed Lord Vincent, in the profoundest amazement.

"Yes! of one of the best and kindest and most generous men God ever made, who can judge a woman more leniently than he judges himself, and does not expect her weakness to be equal to greater things than his own strength."

"And he knows all about—about—our little flirtation with each other?"

"Every particular. Thank Heaven, there was nothing on my part I need be ashamed to tell him."

"Mrs. Hartington, I think that I will wish you good-bye. I am sorry to have intruded so much on your valuable time. Had you informed me of your altered position at once, it might have saved us much that has passed at this painful interview."

"Then I am glad I did not," she answered, "for it is best you should hear it. It would be well if every man who has behaved as you did might hear the truth from the lips of the woman whom he has led to the brink of error and there left, a prey to her own sad and reproachful thoughts. If I have only raised one regret in your mind, Lord Vincent, for the affection you played with and flung away, I shall not have spoken to you in vain."

"Good-by!" was all he uttered as, seizing his hat, he rushed hastily past her, and made the best of his way down-stairs.

"Old Cam."

Addison Cammack is the most important man on the "bear" side. The small operators circle around him like June bugs around a gas-jet. They look upon him as the fountain-head of all "bear" wisdom and inspiration. Words from his lips are as precious as pearls and are caught and carried along from one to another until they have gone the rounds. He is a heavy, broad-shouldered man of 58, with iron-gray hair and mustache. His eyes are gray, and his mouth and chin and nose are large, and indicate firmness and resolution. He dresses very plainly, although his clothes are made by the most expensive tailor in town, and he always carries a walking-stick. He speaks quickly, and almost invariably follows each remark with the inquiry "Huh?" Being a bachelor, he has a valet, who attends to his wants.

He is a member of the stock-exchange, but is rarely seen on the floor, and is not down-town even half so much as one would suppose he would be. He goes out walking and riding a great deal, and is often seen in Central Park. Cammack is a man of exemplary habits. At one time he was an inveterate smoker. He smoked the strongest kind of cigars and a great number of them. A year and a half ago his physician told him that his health would be improved if he smoked less. He never smoked a cigar after that. The man's will is so strong that he will do anything he makes up his mind to do. He is a southerner. He was born in Kentucky and drifted down to New Orleans. He subsequently came north and started in as a cotton broker in New York. It was not long before he got to dealing in stock, and he was successful.

He is now worth $6,000,000 or $7,000,000. He goes on his judgment, which is next to unerring. He works the market against Jay Gould, and Gould does not seem to be able to entrap him in any way. He is always posted on everything, and there is scampering when he makes a move. He is gruff, blunt, and to the point, and has a mind of his own. He can form his own opinions. That is the great secret of his success. A friend who was talking to him one night said:

"I hear you are called 'The Mephistopheles of the street.'"

"What is that for?" growled "Old Cam."

"Because you raise hades down there, I suppose."

"Well, if you mean that I do as I want to, that's what I am, and I don't care what name they give me."

"Cam" used to be shaved by a certain barber in the shop in the Windsor. The man was very attentive. Not long ago the man had a chance to buy a shop, and "Cam" let him have $2,200 to start in business.

"Cam" made $1,600,000 in the fall in stocks at the time of the panic of 1873. In the last great decline he has made all of $2,000,000. It is no uncommon thing for him to make or lose a quarter of a million. While he may make that amount at any one time, it is not often that he loses so much in a lump. It may cost him $100,000 or $200,000 to get the market in shape to realize, but he gets it all back, with a huge profit besides. He rules the market just as much as Jay Gould. Cammack has made all his money in the market by his wits.—*New York Chronicle.*

Rea' Bravery.

I have among my acquaintances some very fierce young men. They have the soul of a desperado, though forced to toil at the ledger or the newspaper desk for the vulgar and prosaic necessities of existence. While not doubting their courage, I am often skeptical about their thirst for danger. One of them, a commercial traveler, was at last gratified with an adventure. He was riding on the top of an Oregon stage. This is the story:

"Well, sir, when he came to the top of the hill we saw two highwayman going through the pockets of some poor devil they had captured on the road."

"How many of you were there?"

"Six outside and four inside, and all armed to the teeth. 'Now for it boys,' said the stage-driver, whipping up his horses, and I tell you we dashed down on that gang in fine style, every man keeping his hand on his pistol."

"And of course you captured the highwaymen?"

"No, siree; we drove by them like a flash. Why, man, we were down to and by them before they knew what was coming. Now, that is what I call real presence of mind."

"How? In rescuing the man from the robbers?"

"Rescue be hanged; that was none of our business. No, siree; in saving the stage."—*San Francisco Call.*

A four-year-old boy fell a distance of eighteen feet, near Eugene, Ore., lately, and, alighting on his head, was thought to have been killed. The little boy was prepared for the grave, but symptoms of life were apparent. Restorative treatment was applied, and at last accounts the little fellow was fully recovering.

GLEANINGS.

New Hampshire has the longest lived people, on the average.

This country controls three-quarters of the cornfields of the whole world.

A child was born at Lawrenceville, Ill., with one of its legs entirely black.

It is estimated that a ton of gold is buried each year with those who die in this country.

Out of the word "incomprehensibility," a Connecticut lady made 2,248 different words.

A walking-stick concealing a match-box and a cigarette holder is a late English device.

A statue of Garfield, to be set up in San Francisco, has just been cast at Nuremberg, Germany.

The ties and wood fuel used by the railroads of the United States cost annually about $25,000,000.

A freak of nature owned by a farmer at Derry, N. H., is a calf with two noses, two tongues, and three eyes.

The royalty received by the inventor of barbs on fence wire is said to be $10,000 a month, or $120,000 a year.

Drunkenness is greatly on the increase in Mexico, according to a statement in the *Two Republics* of that city.

A Manitoba farmer who tills 13,000 acres of land communicates with his employes by the use of the telephone.

From an estimate made by Miss Kate Field, it appears that Brigham Young has now over 1,500 living descendants.

Mrs. George H. Pendleton was Alice Key, daughter of Francis Scott Key, who wrote the "Star Spangled Banner."

In a New York jewelry store window is exhibited a large knot, cut from a tree, which is the exact counterpart of a human ear.

The municipal schools of Moscow, it is said, will accommodate only 7,000 pupils, although there are in the city 100,000 children of school age.

What is said to be the largest diamond in the world is about to be cut in Amsterdam. It was recently found in South Africa, and weighs 475 carats.

A room at Harvard is decorated with the handkerchiefs snatched by the Harvard boys in the Blaine torchlight processions from the hands of the girls on the sidewalks.

Yale, Harvard and Columbia colleges are the most expensive in this country. The minimum expenses are from $400 to $600, while the maximum are put at $3,000.

Hop vines, usually a waste product in this country, are said to have proved not only good stock for fine paper, but the best substitute yet obtained for rags in French paper-mills.

A late device for checking the collections of street-car conductors is a photographic apparatus that at intervals photographs the interior of the car and its passengers.—*Boston Post.*

The oldest ex-Congressman in the United States has been found in the person of David Fisher, of Columbus, Ohio. He is in the ninety-first year of his age, and is full of reminiscences.

A down-East veteran named Johnson undertook to collect some pension arrears lately, and was amazed to find that his "widow" had got ahead of him on two occasions, as far back as 1863 and 1867.

A fountain is to be erected in Back Bay Park, Boston, to commemorate the early visit of the Norsemen to this country. It will cost $6,000, and will be ornamented with Norsemen, galleys and bas-reliefs.

Western lumbermen are poking fun at Tom Nast's picture in *Harper's*, where a single span of horses are represented as drawing a sled loaded with fifteen large logs—a quite impossible and improbable feat.

A new building, 130x150, has just been completed for the use of the Sitka, Alaska, public school. There are now forty boys and sixty girls in the school, the full quota provided for by the Secretary of the Interior.

Sumner's Last Day in the Senate.

A friend of humanity, his policy was peace, and the settlement of disputes between nations by arbitration instead of by war was one of his fondest dreams. Possessed of such benignant sentiments, on December 2, 1872, he introduced a bill which he requested to have "read in full for information." I shall give it here; for to carry it to the desk was one of my first acts as a page. It was as follows:

"A Bill to regulate the Army Register and the Regimental Colors of the United States.

"WHEREAS, the national amity and good-will among fellow-citizens can be assured only through oblivion of past differences, and it is contrary to the usage of civilized nations to perpetuate the memory of civil war: THEREFORE,

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the names of battles with fellow-citizens shall not be continued in the Army Register or placed on the regimental colors of the United States."

The bill was ordered to be printed, and that was the end of its pilgrimage in Congress. It never became a law. But it was discussed elsewhere! The Legislature of Massachusetts heard of it with deepest indignation. The act of Senator Sumner was stigmatized as "an attempt to degrade the loyal soldiery of the Union and their achievements"; and a resolution of censure was introduced and passed by the legislature of the State which had made him its senator.

The resolution of censure was an injustice, which would have provoked some men to wrath. But with Mr. Sumner it occasioned not anger, but grief. He had served his State for more than twenty years, and it had stood proudly by him in all his efforts. That it should now, after his long and faithful career, misinterpret his motives, and seem to brand him with reproach, was perhaps the saddest blow he had ever sustained. His manner betrayed how it bore upon his mind. Yet when December again appeared, the senator was again found at his seat on the opening day, this time to introduce his famous Civil Rights Bill—the first bill of the session. But, as the days slipped by, his face was less frequently seen in the Senate. December, January, February passed—his visits were few and brief.

On the 10th of March, however, he was in attendance. I remember it well. I had not seen him for quite a while, and he called me to his desk. I thought he looked more cheerful than usual, and I asked after his health. As he whittled a pen, he smilingly chatted with me, and stated that he had come to the Senate to hear pleasant news. He had scarcely made the remark, when Senator Boutwell, his colleague, arose, and sent up to the clerk's desk to be read a resolution of the Massachusetts Legislature. As the clerk proceeded, all eyes turned upon Senator Sumner, who was eagerly listening. It was a resolution rescinding the vote of censure! Within a few moments after the reading, the senator left the Chamber, and, as I parted from him at the door, he shook hands kindly, and said: "Good-bye!"

Those were his last words to me. The next day he was dead!—*Edmund Alton, in St. Nicholas for May.*

The entire literature of Abyssinia, it is said, does not include more than 100 volumes.

Grant as a Soldier.

From an anecdotal and reminiscent article by General Adam Badeau, on the characteristics of Grant as a soldier, in the May *Century* Magazine we quote the following: "At the close of the war, the man who had led the victorious armies was not forty-three years of age. He had not changed in any essential qualities from the captain in Mexico or the merchant in Galena. The daring and resource that he showed at Donelson and Vicksburg had been foreshadowed at Panama and Garita San Cosme; the persistency before Richmond was the development of the same trait which led him to seek subsistence in various occupations, and follow fortune long deferred through many unsuccessful years. Developed by experience, taught by circumstance, learning from all he saw and even more from what he did, as few have ever been developed or taught, or have learned, he, nevertheless, maintained the self-same personality through it all. The characteristics of the man were exactly those he manifested as a soldier—directness and steadiness of purpose, clearness and certainty of judgment, self-reliance and immutable determination.

"Grant's genius, too, was always ready; it was always brightest in an emergency. All his faculties were sharpened in battle; the man who to some seemed dull, or even slow, was prompt and decided. When the circumstances were once presented to him, he was never long in determining. He seemed to have a faculty of penetrating at once to the heart of things. He saw what was the point to strike, or the thing to do, and he never wavered in his judgment afterward, unless, of course, under new contingencies. Then he had no false pride of opinion, no hesitation in undoing what he had ordered; but if the circumstances remained the same, he never doubted his own judgment. I asked him once how he could be so calm in terrible emergencies, after giving an order for a corps to go into battle, or directing some intricate manœuvre. He replied that he had done his best and could do no better; others might have ordered more wisely or decided more fortunately, but he was conscious that he had done what he could, and he gave himself no anxiety about the judgment or the decision. Of course he was anxious about the accomplishment of his plans, but never as to whether he ought to have attempted them. So, on the night of the battle of the Wilderness, when the right of his army had been broken and turned, after he had given his orders for new dispositions, he went to his tent and slept calmly till morning. * * * Not that he was indifferent to human life or human suffering. I have been with him when he left a hurdle race, unwilling to see men risk their necks needlessly; and he came away from one of Blondin's exhibitions at Niagara, angry and nervous at the sight of one poor wretch in gaudy clothes crossing the whirlpool on a wire. But he could subordinate such sensations when necessity required it. He risked his life, and was ready to sacrifice it, for his country.

"It was undoubtedly as a fighter rather than a manœuvrer that Grant distinguished himself. He was ready with resource and prompt in decision at Belmont and Donelson, but it was the invincible determination at both these places as well as at Shiloh that won. As with men, so with armies and generals; skill and strength are tremendous advantages, but courage outweighs them all. * * * In battle, as in strategical movements, Grant always meant to take the initiative; he always advanced, was always the aggressor, always sought to force his plans upon the enemy; and if by any chance or circumstance the enemy attacked, his method of defense was an attack elsewhere. At Donelson, as we have seen, when his troops were pushed back on the right he assaulted on the left, and this was only one instance out of a hundred. This, too, not only because he was the invader, or because his forces were numerically stronger, but because it was his nature in war to assail. In the Vicksburg campaign his army was smaller than Pemberton's; yet he was the aggressor. In the operations about Iuka his position was a defensive one, but he attacked the enemy all the same. It was his idea of war to attack incessantly and advance invariably, and thus to make the operations of the enemy a part and parcel of his own."

He Saw the Falls.

At the Falls of Montmorency, below Quebec, there is a hotel by the roadside where you pay twenty-five cents to a woman who can't talk English and in consideration of this you are allowed to see the falls. A young fellow paid just as I left the house to walk across the fields to the steps in front of the falls. He came running after me. He was very anxious to see them. He had walked all the way from Quebec—about nine miles—and now his impatience was getting the better of him.

"You paid first," he said, "but would you mind my going down the steps ahead of you?"

"Not at all," I said. "I guess, though, the steps are wide enough for two to go down."

"I suppose so, but I want to get there before a crowd comes. I hate a crowd. I want to enjoy the falls alone."

"It is too late in the season for a crowd. I don't suppose anyone has been here for a month."

As we came to the long stairway he hopped merrily down, two stairs at a time. Suddenly his feet went out from under him and he went down the stair, which is very steep, in a sitting posture, giving a shriek every time he hit a new step. There were several platforms, but he shot over them with incredible swiftness in spite of all his efforts to stop, and at one time I thought nothing would save him from going right down into the current. However, he flung his arms around one of the railing supports and hung on there seemingly panic stricken till I reached him. I found that after the first few top steps the rest had been covered with spray that had frozen and made every step as slippery as glass. It required a good deal of caution and a persistent clinging to the rail to get down in any other way than the somewhat hurried plan my new acquaintance had so thoughtlessly adopted.

"You are too impatient," I said soothingly. "You shouldn't have done that. Do you think twenty-five cents pays for such wear and tear of the steps as you put them to. This is not a tobogganing slide you know."

"For Heaven's sake," he cried, "how am I to get up again?"

"I guess we'll both get up the same way. Hang on where you are and look at the falls."

"Falls!" he said in disgust. "I've had about 500 separate and distinct falls. Falls enough to last me until next season. When I visit Montmorency again it will be in summer."

And with that he crawled up on his hands and knees, and I saw him no more.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The wood of the "jarrah" tree, an Australian product, growing principally in the western section, is stated to be about the next thing to everlasting. It appears to defy all ordinary forms of decay, under the most trying circumstances; is left alone by the white ants, and ships built of it do not require to be coppered.

Some Matrimonial Advice.

HOT SPRINGS, ARK., May 9, 1885.—MY DEAR SIR: Would it be asking too much for me to request a brief reply to one or two questions which many other married women as well as myself would like to have answered?

I have been married now for five years. To-day is the anniversary of my marriage. When I was single I was a teacher, and supported myself in comfort. I had more pocket-money and dressed fully as well if not better than I do now. Why should girls who are abundantly able to earn their own livelihood struggle to become the slave of a husband and children and tie themselves to a man when they might be free and happy?

I think too much is said by the men in a light and flippant manner about the anxiety of young ladies to secure a home and a husband, and still they do deserve a part of it, as I feel that I do now for assuming a great burden when I was comparatively independent and comfortable.

Now, will you suggest any advice that you think would benefit the yet unmarried and self-supporting girls who are liable to make the same mistake that I did, and thus warn them in a manner that would be so much more universal in its range and reach so many more people than I could if I should raise my voice? Do this, and you will be gratefully remembered by

ETHEL.

It would indeed be a tough, tough man who could ignore thy gentle plea, Ethel; tougher far than the pale, intellectual hired man who now addresses you in this private and underhand manner.

You say that you had more pocket-money before you were married than you have since, Ethel, and you regret your rash step. I am sorry to hear it. You also say that you wore better clothes when you were single than you do now. You are also pained over that. It seems that marriage with you has not paid any cash dividends. So if you married Mr. Ethel as a financial venture it was a mistake. You do not state how it has affected your husband. Perhaps he had more pocket-money and better clothes before he married than he has since. Sometimes two people do well in business by themselves, but when they go into partnership they bust higher than a kite, if you will allow me the free English translation of a Roman expression which you might not fully understand if I should give it to you in the original Roman.

Lots of self-supporting young ladies have married, and have to go very light on pin money after that, and still they did not squeal as you, dear Ethel. They did not marry for revenue only. They married for protection. (This is a little political bon mot which I thought of myself. Some of my best jokes this spring are jokes that I thought of myself.)

No, Ethel, if you married expecting to be a dormant partner during the day and then to go through Mr. Ethel's pockets at night and declare a dividend, of course life is full of bitter, bitter regret and disappointment.

Of course I want to do what is right in the solemn warning business, so I will give notice to all simple young women who are now self-supporting and happy that there is no statute requiring them to assume the burdens of wifehood and motherhood unless they prefer to do so. If they now have abundance of pin-money and new clothes, they may remain single if they wish without violating the laws of the land. This rule is also good when applied to young and self-supporting young men who wear good clothes and have funds in their pockets. No young man who is free, happy, and independent need invest his money in a family or carry a colicky child twenty-seven miles and two laps in the night unless he prefers it. But those who go into it with the right spirit, Ethel, do not regret it.

I would just as soon tell you, Ethel, if you will promise that it shall go no further, that I do not wear as good clothes as I did before I was married. I don't have to. My good clothes have accomplished what I got them for. I played them for all they were worth, and since I got married the idea of wearing clothes as a vocation has not occurred to me.

Please give my kind regards to Mr. Ethel, and tell him that, although I do not know him personally, I can not help feeling sorry for him. Very sincerely yours, BILL NYE.

—*Hot Spring News.*

Sam Ward's Love Letters.

Many a billet-doux went to and fro in Uncle Sam's early courting days, and every sort of weather from May to December was manifested in the missives. But finally, the courtly gallant won, and Miss Astor was his bride. In a sentimental moment, just to show how much more intense man's love is, than that of woman can ever be, the bridegroom produced all the letters he had ever received from his sweetheart. But the look of triumph on his face did not long survive; a tiny key was turned, a drawer was opened, and there, packed in most compact fashion, were uncovered to his gaze all the lines he himself had written. The head of the Ward family might not have changed his mind about the superiority of masculine affection, but there was a cessation of hostilities on that line from that day forth. That isn't all of the story, though, nor all of the philosophy. Those love letters were carefully assorted, compared date by date, and then, each preceding its answer, they were bound together in a mighty volume. A stranger would have found them interesting enough to idle time away upon; and they of the inner circle, how they would have gloated over the bon-bons! Not all of those epistles, however, were loaded-down cargoes of sentiment and affection. Some lovers quarrel sometimes. That was the exceptional sort of lovers that Mr. Ward and Miss Astor happened to be. Sam, he was proud of his sarcasm; Miss Astor, she had the right to be. The result was that clashings, when they came, lacked nothing in animation. But the sweet and the bitter were bound there between the covers together. "And"—this is what Prince Sam is quoted in after days as saying—"there was infinite fun and infinite good in that old book of ours, with its tell-tale record of our criss-cross courtship. It made many an evening merry—all for ourselves. It wafted away many a cloud, for never could a difference arise that would not give way before the materialized recollection of some of our tiny difficulties come and gone. Old quarrels—old love quarrels that are settled, at least—always are tinged with the crispest sort of humor. And never did one of us get cloudy but out came that inevitable volume, and old-time battles provoked risibility that was death to all threatening ill-humor in the present. That book was worth a fortune to us. When she died it was the most sacred possession left me. Its creation was the happiest thought of my life."—*New York Tribune.*

Bookkeepers will feel under obligations to the ingenious American who has invented for them "a chair running on a kind of miniature railway, in such a manner that a push of the foot upon the foot-board will move the chair to right or left as may be desired." By this means they can get at their books without leaving their seats.

Science and Theology.

From an article by Rev. T. T. Munger, on "Immortality and Modern Thought," in the *Century* for May, we quote as follows: "When chemistry put the key of the physical universe into the hand of science, it was well enough to give up a century to the dazzling picture it revealed. A century of concentrated and universal gaze at the world out of whose dust we are made, and whose forces play in the throbs of our hearts, is not too much; but after having sat so long before the brilliant play of elemental flames, and seen ourselves reduced to simple gas and force under laws for whose strength adamant is no measure, we have become a little restive and take up again the old questions. Science has not explained us to ourselves, nor compassed us in its retort, nor measured us in its laws of continuity. You have shown me of what I am made, how put together, and linked my action to the invariable energy of the universe; now tell me what I am; explain to me consciousness, thought, will, desire, love, veneration. I confess myself to be all you say, but I know myself to be more; tell me what that more is. Science, in its early and wisely narrow sense, could not respond to these demands. But it has enlarged its vocation under two impulses. It has pushed its researches until it has reached verges beyond which it cannot go, yet sees forces and phenomena that it cannot explain or even speak of without using the nomenclature of metaphysics. In a recent able work of science the word 'spirit' is adopted into the scientific vocabulary. Again, physical science has yielded to the necessity of allying itself with other sciences—finding itself on their borders. Chemistry led up to biology, and this in turn to psychology, and so on to sociology and history and religion, and even to metaphysics, whose tools it had used with some disdain of their source. In short, it is found that there is no such thing as a specific science, but that all sciences are parts of one universal science. The broad studies of Darwin and Herbert Spencer have done much toward establishing this conviction, which has brought about what may be called a comity of the sciences, or an era of good feeling. The chemist sits down by the metaphysician and says, Tell me what you know about consciousness; and the theologian listens eagerly to the story of evolution. Unless we greatly misread the temper of recent science, it is ready to pass over certain phenomena it has discovered and questions it has raised to theology. And with more confidence we may assert that theology is parting with the conceit it had assumed as 'queen of the sciences,' and clothing itself with its proper humility—is ready to accept a report from any who can aid it in its exalted studies.

This comity between the sciences, or rather necessary correlation, not only leads to good feeling and mutual respect, but insures a recognition of each other's conclusions. Because that which is true in man's spiritual life must be true in his social life; and whatever is true in social life must not contradict anything in his physical life. We might reverse this, and say that no true physiologist will define the physical man so as to exclude the social man; nor will he so define the social and political man as to shut out the spiritual man; nor will he so define the common humanity so as to exclude personality. He will leave a margin for other sciences whose claims are as valid as those of his own. If, for example immortality is a necessary co-ordinate of man's moral nature,—an evident part of its content,—the chemist and physiologist will not set it aside because they find no report of it in their fields. If it is a part of spiritual and moral science it cannot be rejected because it is not found in physical science. So much, at least, has been gained by the new comity in the sciences,—that opinions are respected, and questions that belong to other departments are relegated to them in a scientific spirit."

A Reminiscence of Artemus Ward.

It was back in the fifties; we were all rooming in "old 21," our bachelor barracks, in the upper story of a business block on Superior street, in Cleveland. A gay party we were—Sam and George, Alf and Harry—and our third-story den became headquarters for lots of witty and jovial boys, who made it almost a club-room in their nightly visits. Among the most welcome was Charley Brown, "Artemus Ward," as he was just then earning the sobriquet from his quaint series of humorous articles in the *Plaindealer*, on which he was local editor. Brown, or Artemus, as we already began to call him, was excessively fond of practical jokes, and the fun they made among the circle of his friends will long be remembered.

One night, among the small hours, Artemus burst into our room—the door was always on the latch—rushed to the window, threw it up and, leaning out, screamed in the shrillest of feminine voice:

"Help! Help! Murder! Help! Murder!"

A rush up the stair-case followed, while Artemus slipped into the nearest bed, and a half score of police dashed into the room and summoned us to account for the screams.

Artemus sleepily assured the blue-coated gentry that no born woman was secreted in our premises, and so well enacted the sleepy astonishment of awakened virtue that, after prowling in vain about the room, the guardians of the peace withdrew, and we heard them ransacking the building for quite a while seeking for the cause of the alarm.

When all was quiet Artemus explained the rumpus he had made. Some three or four printers, who worked on the *Plaindealer*, had been imbibing too freely, and Charley Brown coming up found them in the hands of the police, being conducted to the calaboose. Anxious to rescue them he conceived and executed the ruse. The piercing screams of the female in distress, and the eager hope of unearthing a tragedy, drew away the attention of the nighthawks, and they let the birds in the hand loose to pursue the one in the bush.

The liberated printers made their shortest way home, while we denizens of room 21 enjoyed the joke as Artemus's last.—*"Nestor," in the Ingleside.*

"Poor Carlotta's" new guardian, says a foreign letter, is M. Dupont, a retired artillery officer, popular in Brussels society. His appointment comes from the King of Belgians. His new functions will entail a complete change in his mode of life. This is the manner in which his sovereign apprised him of his new appointment: "M. Dupont, we have chosen you to take charge of the house of her Majesty, the Empress Carlotta. You will enter on your duties in three days. You are forbidden to ever spend a night outside the chateau. Twice a week, if you so desire, you may come and spend a few hours at Brussels."

It is not generally known that nutmegs are poisonous, but Dr. Palmer writes to the *American Journal of Pharmacy* detailing the case of a lady who nearly died from eating a nutmeg and a half, and he points out the fact that the toxic effects of the drug are described in both the National and United States Dispensatories.

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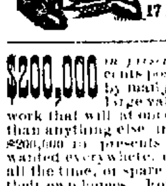
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